

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



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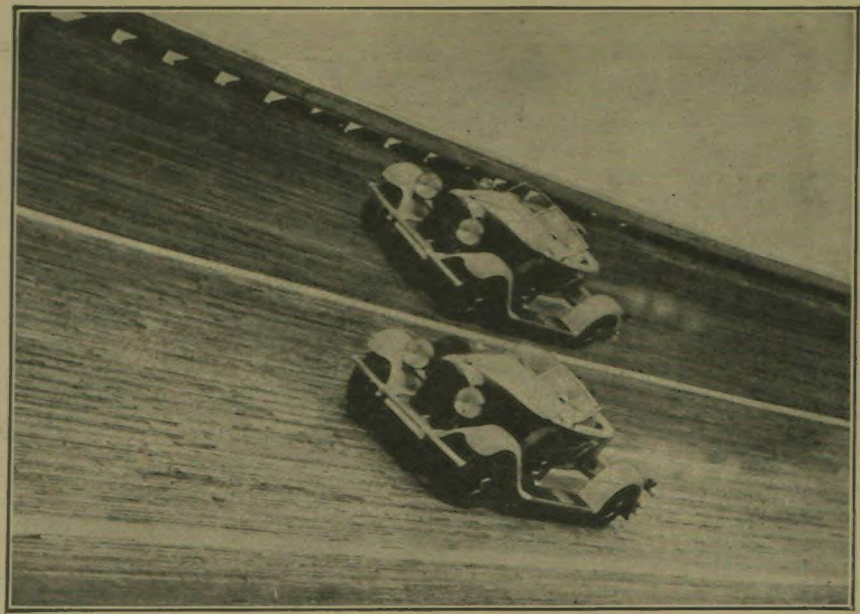
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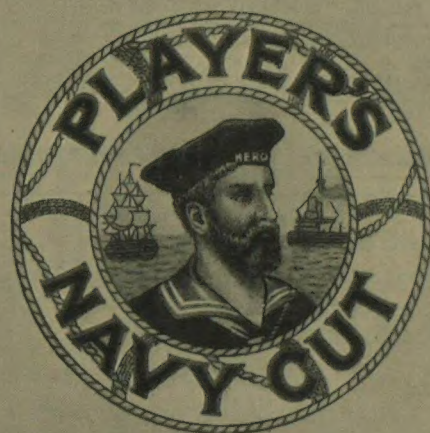
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## AFRICA — THE LAND OF CONTRASTS.

By MAXWELL FRASER, Editor, "Magazine of Travel."

A CRUISE round the shores of any continent is inevitably an ever-changing panorama of sights and scenes, but Africa has a range of scenery and variety of peoples which is almost bewildering in its complexity. Think of it—over twelve thousand miles of coastline on which live people of every race and colour. Morocco, Algeria, and Tunisia, lands of the stately Arabs and graceful, veiled women. The illimitable deserts of Libya. Egypt, where the mighty monuments of the Pharaohs overshadow even the opulent civilisation of the present day. Pass down the Red Sea, with all the Biblical memories the journey entails, to Djibouti, capital of French Somaliland, where spotless white houses border streets in which pink oleanders flower throughout the year. Then cruise on past the tiny coastline of Abyssinia, which has been so much in the public eye of late, to Kenya Colony, which the popularity of the present Governor and his charming young wife has caused to develop into society's latest winter resort.

The British Mandate extends over the great Tanganyika Territory: the beautifully named capital, "Dar-es-Salaam"—the Haven of Peace—does not belie its name. In vivid contrast to Dar-es-Salaam is the pulsating life of Zanzibar, where the quaint, narrow streets are thronged with people of every creed and colour.

Off the coast of Portuguese East Africa lies Madagascar, the amazing, fairy-tale island of contradictions belonging to France. Over a thousand miles in length, it has an agglomeration of races which do not remotely resemble each other, and yet speak the same language. It has age-old tombs to the Hova kings which rival the greatest achievements of the ancient Egyptians, yet to-day its people show no sign of architectural

ability. Its whole history shows the most extraordinary blending of intelligence and ignorance, culture and savagery, in its rulers and peoples. Its scenery is full of violent contrasts. Vast, ruggedly magnificent ranges of mountains are cut into deep valleys of exquisite beauty. Dense, humid forests ring placid lagoons. Torrential rivers rush through forests of palm-trees and wild mangroves, and great tablelands

buildings and spacious villas must be very different from the town which Hunter Quatermain knew, but it is still the centre for every phase of African life. The famous Beira, rising high above the town, commands an enchanting view of the surrounding countryside.

Gay, cheerful Cape Town has surely one of the most magnificent town sites in the world. Add to that its sparkling air, the stately modern buildings which so well denote its justifiable civic pride, its delightful early Dutch homesteads, and the lavish hospitality of its people, and you will have some small idea of Cape Town's charm.

The ominous title of White Man's Grave which once clung to the West Coast of Africa is, rapidly disappearing, at least where the British colonies are concerned. Freetown, capital of the oldest British colony in West Africa, is a delightful place to visit; whilst rapid strides have been made of late years in developing Bathurst, which is entirely fascinating as the nearest tropical colony to Britain.

Each of the countries of Africa has its own individual characteristic to contribute to the colourful kaleidoscope of fantastic contrasts which make up the fascination of a cruise round her stupendous coastline—contrasts which one might almost say are "summed up" in the little island of Madeira, at which most of the cruise steamers call. There is a wonderful vista of seemingly inaccessible mountains from the harbour of delightful Funchal.

Beyond its encircling mountains lies another world—even another climate. There lies the great Gorge of Grand Curral, where sheer walls of rock drop three thousand feet. There, too, are great pine forests extending to the wind-swept plateau of Paul da Serra, where, among sombre mountain peaks, is a miniature Sahara. Truly, for a small island, Madeira can show within its compass an extraordinary range of scenery.



"MORE LIKE AN ENCHANTING TROPICAL GARDEN THAN A CITY": FUNCHAL BAY, MADEIRA—

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This picturesque view of Funchal and its bay, taken from the south-east, indicates the natural beauty of Madeira, to which allusion is made in the accompanying article. All information regarding the island is obtainable from the Madeira Information Bureau, of 87, Regent Street, London, W.1.

of limestone spread over the south of the island, sloping down to the shores of the Indian Ocean.

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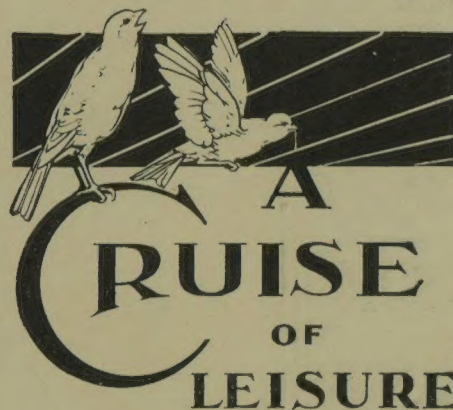
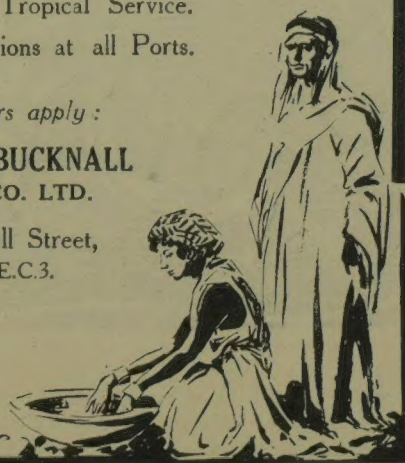
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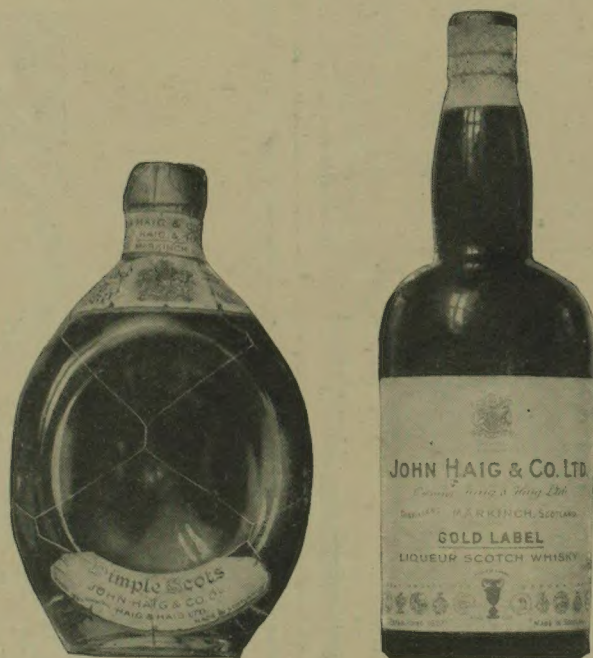
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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1928.

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## IF LAVA CAME THROUGH LONDON! A DOMED CHURCH AT MASCALI, FAINTLY REMINISCENT OF ST. PAUL'S, AND MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS (RIGHT) BEING OVERWHELMED BY LAVA FROM THE ERUPTION OF MOUNT ETNA.

The eruption of Mt. Etna which began on November 1—the worst since 1669—increased in violence, and the flow of lava was from time to time renewed. On the 10th there was a fresh outbreak, and the lava stream, forming a solid rampart 25 ft. high, began to move forward again over the ruins of Mascali, already partially destroyed a few days before. Describing the original disaster, which occurred there on the festival of the town's patron saint (see page 902), a message

of November 7 stated: "The main body of the parish church, its belfry, and the new War Memorial, the last three structures standing, collapsed at 3 o'clock this afternoon, and the village is now entirely obliterated." Later (on the 9th) it was reported that Mascali was not totally destroyed. The inhabitants, before leaving, dedicated the memorial, which soon after was engulfed. The ceremony had been arranged for Armistice Day. Further photographs appear on page 903.





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

A NEW and important book seems to have appeared, on the permanently interesting subject of Abraham Lincoln. Unlike many other reviewers, I will confess frankly to having only read of it in a review. But the review was by Mr. John Drinkwater, who has some right to consider the subject as his own; and I am here more concerned with the review than with the book, and more concerned with the subject than with the review. Both biographer and reviewer have some very valuable things to say about the more realistic view of Lincoln, and certain aspects of his life, especially his early life, which are not those emphasised by the merely sentimental admirer. Mr. Drinkwater recognises that Lincoln emerged from the lower grades of law and politics through an atmosphere in which the lowest tricks were regarded as only tricks of the trade. That queer, shabby figure, the "rail-splitter," with his stove-pipe hat and clumsy cotton umbrella, did undoubtedly emerge among such tricksters as being by far the most truthful. But in the world where he began he could only have been called the least tricky. It is to his credit that he shed most of these habits with a natural shame, and for no other reason. But it is clear that, at some periods, it was not only his hat and umbrella that were shabby.

But there is another paradox about Abraham Lincoln, over and above those noticed by the two writers in question, and one that has always seemed to me very noticeable. He really was a hero, but he seems exactly the wrong sort of hero for all his own hero-worshippers. We should be rather surprised if a very quiet and pacific colony of Quakers in a Pennsylvanian village had no other interest in life but the glorification of the great Napoleon, the exultant and detailed description of his battles, the lyrical salute of the cannonade of Austerlitz or the cavalry charges of Wagram. We should think it odd if a company of pagan epicureans, crowned with roses and flushed with wine, had no other thought in the world but a devotion to St. Simeon Stylites, for his austerity and asceticism in standing on a pillar in the desert. It would seem curious if the young Swinburne had been the only idol of the Nonconformist Conscience, or if the Prussian militarists had thought of nothing but the Christian Socialism of Tolstoy. And yet the sort of people who incessantly sing the praises of Abraham Lincoln have got hold of a man quite as incongruous to their own conceptions of a hero—if ever they could turn from imagining the hero to considering the man. The sort of people who are called Puritans perpetually glorify a man who seems to have been in his youth a rather crude sort of atheist, and was famous all his life for telling dirty or profane stories. The sort of people who are generally Prohibitionists invariably invoke the name of a man who said that habitual drunkards compared favourably with most other people of his acquaintance; and who would himself, in moments of relaxation, tip up a barrel of whisky and drink the liquor through the bung-hole. The sort of people who are perpetually talking about punctuality and propriety, and the prompt performance of duty or seizure of opportunity, are always commending to us the example of a man who never turned up at his own wedding, and who made a most horrible mess of his own domestic affairs. Yes,

he was a hero all right; but his hero-worshippers would not think so.

But perhaps the most curious part of the contradiction is this. Americans of his own Yankee and Puritan following are always talking about Success. Worse still, they are always talking about men who are Bound To Succeed. It seems possible that the men Bound to Succeed were those afterwards shortened into Bounders. Certainly the portraits and descriptions of such beings richly suggest the briefer description. But Lincoln was not a Bounder. Lincoln was most certainly not a man

What I mean is this: that, if ninety-nine out of a hundred of the people who specially praise Lincoln to-day had met him at almost any time of his life till within a few years of his death, they would have avoided him as they avoid the drunkard, the lunatic, the impecunious poet, the habitual criminal, and the man who is always borrowing money. This, of course, is even more true of General Grant than of President Lincoln; and it is a queer irony that the great Puritan and commercial power of the North should have been saved entirely by two such men. But, though Lincoln was never a habitual drunkard like Grant, he had about him in all his early days the same savour of unsuccess. The philanthropists and social reformers who now worship his name would have regarded him as belonging to the type which they think "unemployable"; a scallywag, a drifter and dreamer, a man who would come to no good. His casualness, his coarseness, his habit of taking up this and that and not making it pay, his changes of trade and dwelling-place, all these would have sufficed to make him seem from the first fated to failure. But, whatever his weaknesses or even his vices, they would not have been so fatal to his chances as his own supreme virtue. The one great virtue of Abraham Lincoln would have seemed alone sufficient to cut him off from all hope of success in modern civilisation.

For this great man had one secret vice far more unpopular among his followers than the habit of drinking. He had the habit of thinking. We might almost call it the habit of secret thinking, a dark consolation like that of secret drinking; for during his early days he must have practised it unappreciated, and it has been said that he worked out the propositions of Euclid as a relief after having been nagged by his wife. This habit of thinking was not the thoughtless thing commonly called free-thinking, though he may have picked up a little of that in his less enlightened days. It was real thinking, which means knowing exactly where to draw the line—a logic which is often mistaken for compromise.

The great glory of Lincoln is that, almost alone among politicians, he really knew what he thought about politics. He really thought slavery was bad, but he really thought the disruption of America was worse. It is perfectly possible for an intelligent person to disagree with him on either or both of these points. But he was an intelligent person when he stated them in that way, and put them in that order. In short, he had a native love of

Truth; and, like every man with such a love, he had a natural hatred of mere Tendency. He had no use for progress, for evolution, for going with the stream, for letting the spirit of the age lead him onward. He knew exactly what he thought, not only about the perfection, but the proportion of truth; not only about the direction, but the distance. He was not always right; but he always tried to be reasonable, and that in exactly the sense which his special admirers have never understood from that day to this. He tried to be reasonable. It is not surprising that his life was a martyrdom and that he died murdered.



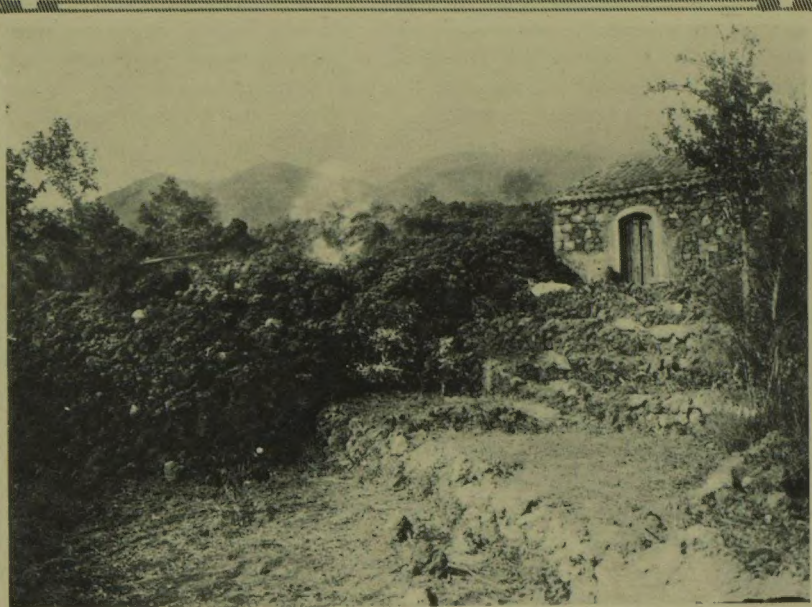
WHERE THE LAVA FROM MT. ETNA DESTROYED PART OF THE TOWN ON THE FESTIVAL OF ITS PATRON SAINT: THE FIGURE OF ST. LEONARD REMOVED INTO THE STREET AT MASCALI, IN SICILY.

As noted on our front page and page 903, where further illustrations of the disaster appear, the little town of Mascali was partly destroyed by the lava streams from the recent eruption of Mt. Etna. The lava reached the town on the Festival of St. Leonard, its patron saint. Afterwards it was stated (on November 9) that the reports of the total destruction of Mascali were exaggerated and that some houses still remained standing, while the image of St. Leonard had been carried back by the priest, who was keeping guard over it. On the 11th, however, news came that the lava, which had been for some time almost stationary, had begun to move forward again over the ruins of Mascali.

Bound To Succeed. For the greater part of his life, he looked much more like a man Bound To Fail. Indeed, for that matter, a great many of his cold and uncomprehending colleagues, right up to the very end of the Civil War, thought he really was a man bound to fail. The truth is that he was a very clear and even beautiful example of the operation of the opposite principle—that God has chosen the failures of the world to confound the successes; and the true moral of his life is that of the poets and the saints. He was one of a very rare and very valuable race, whose representatives appear from time to time in history. He was one of the Failures who happen to succeed.



## ETNA'S WORST ERUPTION SINCE 1669: LAVA DESTROYING TOWNS AND VILLAGES.



TURNING ONE OF THE MOST FERTILE REGIONS INTO A WASTE OF EVER-LASTING BARRENNESS: A LAVA STREAM FROM MT. ETNA ROLLING THROUGH WALNUT WOODS AND VINEYARDS.



"LIKE THE HEAD OF MEDUSA, IT TURNS ALL TO STONE": TYPICAL FORMATIONS OF SOLIDIFIED LAVA NEAR CATANIA, WITH THE SMOKING SUMMIT OF THE GREAT SICILIAN VOLCANO IN THE DISTANCE.

WATCHING THE SLOW BUT RELENTLESS ADVANCE OF A HUGE WAVE OF MOLTEN LAVA THROUGH THEIR TOWN: A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH ILLUSTRATING THE DESTRUCTION OF MASCALI—A GROUP OF INHABITANTS STANDING ONLY A FEW YARDS FROM THE ONCOMING STREAM ABOUT TO ENGULF BUILDINGS.



RELIEF WORK IN THE REGION WHERE OVER 4000 PEOPLE HAD BEEN RENDERED HOMELESS BY THE LAVA FLOOD: MOTOR-LORRIES AND CARTS REMOVING REFUGEES AT MASCALI.



"AN UGLY, DIRTY BLACK MASS WHICH BY DAY LOOKS LIKE A GIGANTIC MOVING SLAG HEAP": A LAVA STREAM FROM MT. ETNA AFTER BURSTING THROUGH A BRIDGE.

The recent eruption of Mt. Etna has been described as 'the worst of modern times since 1669.' Already, up to November 11, some 4300 people had been rendered homeless, and the lava had overwhelmed about 250 acres of vineyards and orchards (estimated in value at £160,000), besides the destruction of urban property. Writing on November 8, a "Times" correspondent said: "Gardens, orchards, and fields which are among the most fertile in the world are being gradually covered by molten lava. Towns, villages, bridges, roads, and viaducts are likewise disappearing. Mascali, a town of 7000 inhabitants, and Annunziata, with many neighbouring hamlets, have been submerged." That night there was

a fresh eruption which sent down more torrents of lava. Later (on November 11) we read: "The new crater, which is on the crest of a ridge, has opened in the midst of an orchard. . . . The sound of the eruption is like the continual letting off of gigantic rockets. The scene from the edge of the crater is indescribably grand and awe-inspiring. The ugly dirty black mass, which by day looks like a gigantic moving slag-heap, shows up by night as dull-red tongues of fire licking their way down the mountain slopes towards the sea." Where lava has once passed, the devastation is permanent, for, "like the head of Medusa, it turns all to stone." Other photographs appear on pages 901 and 902.



# ONE OF TUTANKHAMEN'S DEPUTIES FOR

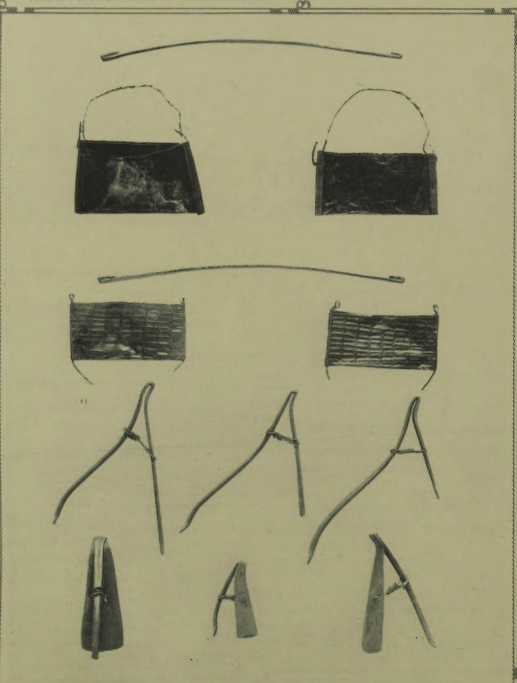
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE METROPOLITAN

Tutankhamen's Tomb affords evidence that, according to popular belief in ancient Egypt, the dead feared the *corvées* (a system of enforced labour) for Osiris, who, as King of the Dead, would continue to till and irrigate the land and plant corn in "the fields of the blessed," and would deal with his subjects in that world even as he did when he was their great King and Agricultural Teacher on this earth. Hence, in order to escape future destiny, and to protect the deceased from such irksome duties as might be entailed by such a *corvée*, there had been stored in Tutankhamen's Tomb numbers of sepulchral statuettes or portrait-figures of stone, faience, and wood, representing the King swathed in linen in mummy (*i.e.*, Osiris) form. Such figures were originally made solely of Shawabti wood, whence they derive their name *Shawabti*; and their function, according to the Vth Chapter of the old Egyptian "Book of the Dead," was to act as substitutes for the deceased in the nether world, if he should be called upon to perform any fatiguing duties (as the sacred text has it), "even as a man is bounden to cultivate the fields, to flood the meadows, or to carry sand of the East to the West." Upon the deceased being summoned to undertake such labour, we learn from the same source that these figures were bidden, "Then speak thou, 'Here am I!'" A typical example here illustrated (see Photographs 1, 4, and 5) stands about 15 inches in height, and is carved of a wood that is coniferous in nature, with the head-dress of ebony, the temple-band and collar of thin gold-foil, and the emblems held in the hands of gilt-copper. These Shawabti figures were housed in black wooden kiosk-shaped chests upon sledges (see Photograph 2) wherein large numbers were packed, either separately or in groups. The vaulted roof (*i.e.*, the lid) of each of these kiosk-shaped chests was carefully tied down by means of a cord and seal attached to the knobs on the top and front. Each figure was given a set of model implements—a pick, a hoe, a yoke, and two baskets, and a second yoke for carrying water-vessels, which are made either of copper or of pale-blue faience (see Photographs 3 and 6). The texts inscribed upon these sepulchral figures, and the implements placed with them, provide testimony of the peasant duty which they were supposed to perform for their lord in the future life. That they are *simulacra* of the deceased King is manifest not only from the name and titles engraved upon them, but from their shadowy likeness to the young King. Many of them bear, inscribed upon the soles

(Continued on right.)



1. A SHAWABTI FIGURE OF TUTANKHAMEN IN OSIRIS FORM: ONE OF MANY PLACED IN HIS TOMB TO DEPUTISE FOR HIM IN FIELD LABOUR IN THE NEXT WORLD.



3. AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS FOR TUTANKHAMEN'S SHAWABTI SUBSTITUTES TO USE IN "THE FIELDS OF THE BLESSED": A SET OF MODEL TOOLS AND VESSELS IN COPPER.

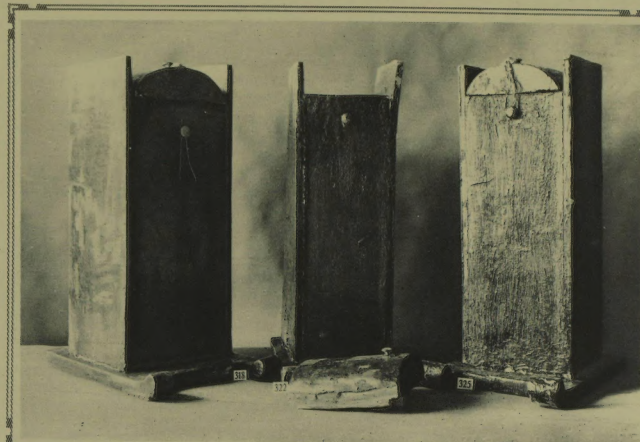


4. BIDDEN "THEN SPEAK THOU, 'HERE AM I!'" ON THE KING BEING SUMMONED TO FIELD WORK: ONE OF THE SHAWABTI FIGURES, SEEN IN PROFILE.

# WORK IN THE AFTER-LIFE: AN EXQUISITE SHAWABTI FIGURE.

MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK. (WORLD COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.)

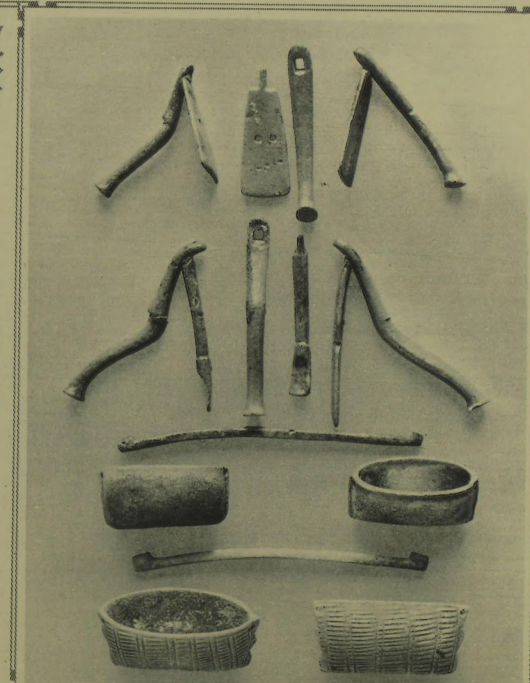
of their feet, the names and titles of high officials, who were also, no doubt, personal friends of the King. This shows that many of them were actually dedicated by State servants, who devoted their services to their lord and master both in this life and in that beyond the grave. The three groups which we have recently illustrated—the germinating figure of Osiris, Tutankhamen's cenotaph, and these Shawabti figures are of the highest interest, as being manifestations of the tenacity with which the Osiris cult was preserved throughout ancient Egyptian burial custom. The mummy and its coffin (as shown in previous numbers of this paper) were consistently made in the form of that deity, whose mortal experiences brought him nearer to human sympathies than any other god of the Egyptian pantheon; and it is the mysterious influence of this divinity, persisting through the ages under other forms, that shines through the cults of more than one later creed.



2. TYPICAL RECEPTACLES FOR THE NUMEROUS SHAWABTI FIGURES FOUND IN TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB: BLACK WOODEN KIOSK-SHAPED CHESTS ON SLEDGES, WITH VAULTED LIDS FASTENED BY A CORD AND SEAL.



5. BEARING THE FLAIL AND CROZIER (ROYAL EMBLEMS), WITH THE URAEUS OVER THE BROW: A SHAWABTI FIGURE REPRESENTING THE KING SWATHED IN MUMMY LINEN.



6. ANOTHER SET OF MODEL IMPLEMENTS AND VESSELS FOR AGRICULTURAL WORK IN THE NEXT WORLD, PROVIDED FOR THE SHAWABTI FIGURES: EXAMPLES IN PALE BLUE FAIENCE.



# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

## CONCERNING NOISES.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

LAMENTS are loud just now about the ever-decreasing number of "quiet spots," even in what, till recently, we used to call the "solitudes of the country." The proximity of our fellow-man is never an unalloyed pleasure, and to-day he seems

Æons more passed, the Permian, the Triassic, and much of the Jurassic—a time-interval representing millions of years—and still the world was inarticulate. Then came a few grasshoppers, the early reptiles, the first bird, and the earliest mammals. Till now the great and awful silence could only rarely have been broken by a few amphibious salamanders and their allies. But with the grasshoppers and the birds came the birth of music, though it is very doubtful whether Archæopteryx was capable of emitting more than raucous croaks. It took a few hundred thousand years to evolve the skylark, the nightingale, and the black-cap. Among the earliest performers of any merit were probably the game-birds, for they stand for an ancient House. Both song and dance they have invented.

Our blackcock is a notable performer, but he is surpassed by the American prairie-hen (Fig. 1). This bird, though no "songster," has achieved much—and he can make a noise. During the days of "courtship" the cocks are wont to meet in the early morning for the performance of a sort of ritual dance, during which time the sides of the neck are inflated with air contained in special air-chambers, which, when inflated, assume a globular shape, and are made conspicuous by the fact that the skin of the neck in this area is of a bright orange colour. While these are displayed the effect is heightened by thrusting forward long, pointed neck-feathers till they stand out over the head like a pair of horns.

This posturing is accompanied by "dancing" movements, punctuated by strange booming sounds, which in volume have been likened to a low roar, audible for a distance of two miles. A Klaxon-horn can hardly beat this feat, and it is never capable of producing anything more than one of the most offensive noises yet invented by man. But of the prairie-hen we are told that "when standing in the open prairie at early dawn, listening to hundreds of different voices, pitched on different keys coming from every direction, and from varying distances, the listener is rather soothed than excited."

The "Passerine" birds are undoubtedly of an ancient stock, but they contain the world's greatest

songsters. No other group in the animal kingdom, save man himself, has proved capable of producing vocal sounds which, being more or less sustained, can be called a "song." Stridulating spiders and chirping crickets may, and sometimes do, produce rhythmical sounds, but they are always made by "mechanical" means; that is to say, by rubbing together serrated or toothed edges of wings or legs. Among the mammals there are few whose voice can be called melodious. The lowing of cattle, the roar of a stag, the neighing of a horse, are pleasing not so much for their "music" as for the associations they conjure up.

Some two hundred thousand years ago came the greatest of all happenings in the history of the world. This was the appearance of Man on the stage, divested of most of his external likeness to his ape-like ancestors, and a maker of tools and weapons. To-day we call his efforts crude; but his stone implements were the foundation-stone of our civilisation (Fig. 3). As he sat quietly chipping, half in reverie, his hands fell to rhythmical movements. He chipped to a "tune":



FIG. 1. THE NOISIEST OF THE GAME-BIRDS, WHO WERE AMONG THE FIRST OF NATURE'S VOCALISTS MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO: THE AMERICAN PRAIRIE-HEN—A SPECIES IN WHICH THE MALES MAKE A LOUD BOOMING SOUND DURING THEIR COURTSHIP DISPLAY.

Sustained, rhythmical, and musical vocal sounds came into the world with the birds, some millions of years ago, though it probably took round about a million years to produce a "songster." The game-birds are an ancient group, and include some highly efficient performers, such as the Prairie-grouse or Prairie-hen.

always to be accompanied by that most unwelcome of all Demons—Noise. One is tempted, at times, to take the desperate remedy of the man who married a dumb wife! But we speedily realise that the remedy would be worse than the disease: for noise is only sound pushed to its logical conclusion, and there are many sounds which are soothing, and some which thrill.

When we feel particularly sore on this matter of noises, let us contemplate, for a season, that time in the world's history when there were not only no noises, but not even any sounds to break the awful silences of the world's solitudes. For more than sixty million years—the time preceding the Cambrian epoch whose rocks furnish us with the first fossils—that is to say, the first patent records of the existence of living creatures on our globe—the all-pervading, death-like stillness was broken only by the sounds of wind and waves and the thunders of heaven. For the face of the earth was void of any but the lowliest types of vegetation, and the sea harboured nothing more than a living slime, formed of microscopic bacteria, whose dead bodies generated the ironstone rocks of to-day.

Then dawned the Cambrian, the foundation-stone, so to speak, of the glorious world that is ours to-day. That great event we may put at round about thirty million years ago. But for a million or so years preceding this it would seem that, after all, there must have been preparations going on for the great day of the Cambrian; since the records of the rocks thereof contain all the main types of the lowlier creatures which swarm in our seas to-day—jelly-fish, marine-worms, echinoderms, such as star-fish, and other types long since extinct like the trilobites, and those puzzling creatures known as the "Brachiopods" or "Lamp-shells." Some of these last are practically identical with those which came first upon the scene sixty million years ago! There's "blue blood" for you!

Whole æons rolled by—the Silurian, the Old Red Sandstone, the Devonian—still in majestic silence. Nature wanted time to think! Then came the Carboniferous, and Nature's first sound-producers, which were the first back-boned land-dwellers. They may be described as huge salamanders (Fig. 2). But as "vocalists" they can scarcely have been more than very occasional and feeble performers, breaking out into unmusical grunts and croaks when annually awakened by the fever of love. And such concerts could only be performed by the edge of some stagnant pool or river-bank. For the rest, all was yet silence.

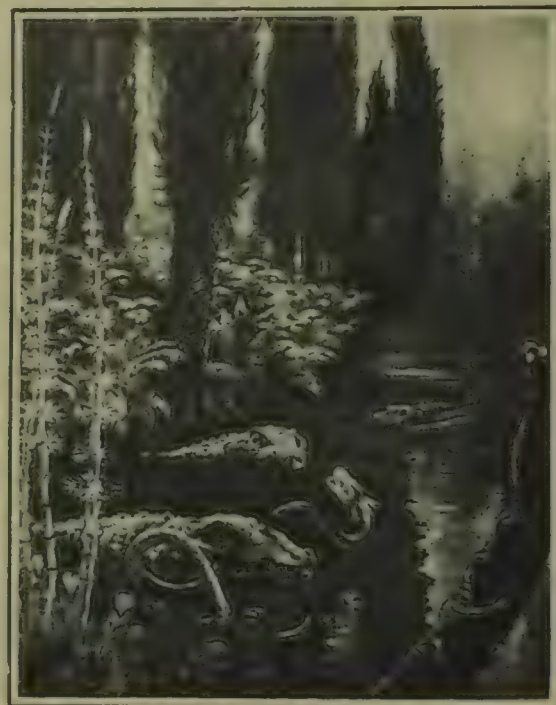


FIG. 2. NATURE'S FIRST SOUND-PRODUCERS AMONG LIVING CREATURES: LABYRINTHODONTS AND THEIR ALLIES, RESEMBLING GIANT SALAMANDERS, OF THE CARBONIFEROUS PERIOD, WHO UTTERED GRUNTS AND CROAKS IN THE MATING SEASON.

The earliest vocalists were the amphibious Labyrinthodonts and their allies, resembling giant salamanders. But at no time, probably, were they capable of producing more than low grunts and croaks, and then only when stirred by the fitful fever of love during a few weeks of the year.

and there laid the foundation-stone of the Royal College of Music! When he was able to admire at last his finished "*coup-de-poing*"—though he didn't call it by that name—he gleefully remarked "That's a real beauty. I always get the best results when I chip to that tune—there is magic in it." And so his weapon became endowed with magical powers. And then and there he laid the foundation-stones of the Temples of Witchcraft, Magic, and Religion. After percussion-music he went on from "tom-toms" to wind and string instruments: for "noise" he must have. All his most cherished inventions make a noise—loud-speakers, concrete-breakers, trams, and motor-horns. Who wants a motor-cycle that runs in silence?

Man, in regard to his body, is the most gloriously beautiful of all living things. Spiritually he is often only a little lower than the angels, but more often he is more of a beast than the "beasts that perish." They cannot compete with him in cruelty, nor in ruthless destructiveness. For the last two hundred thousand years his powers of destruction have been gathering force; he destroys without compunction all that is stable, and creates only that which is fleeting. He alone among the "animals" remarks, "It's a fine day, let's go out and kill something." If you venture to remonstrate with him he sententiously bids you remember that his trail of "ruthlessness" is inevitable in "the march of progress."



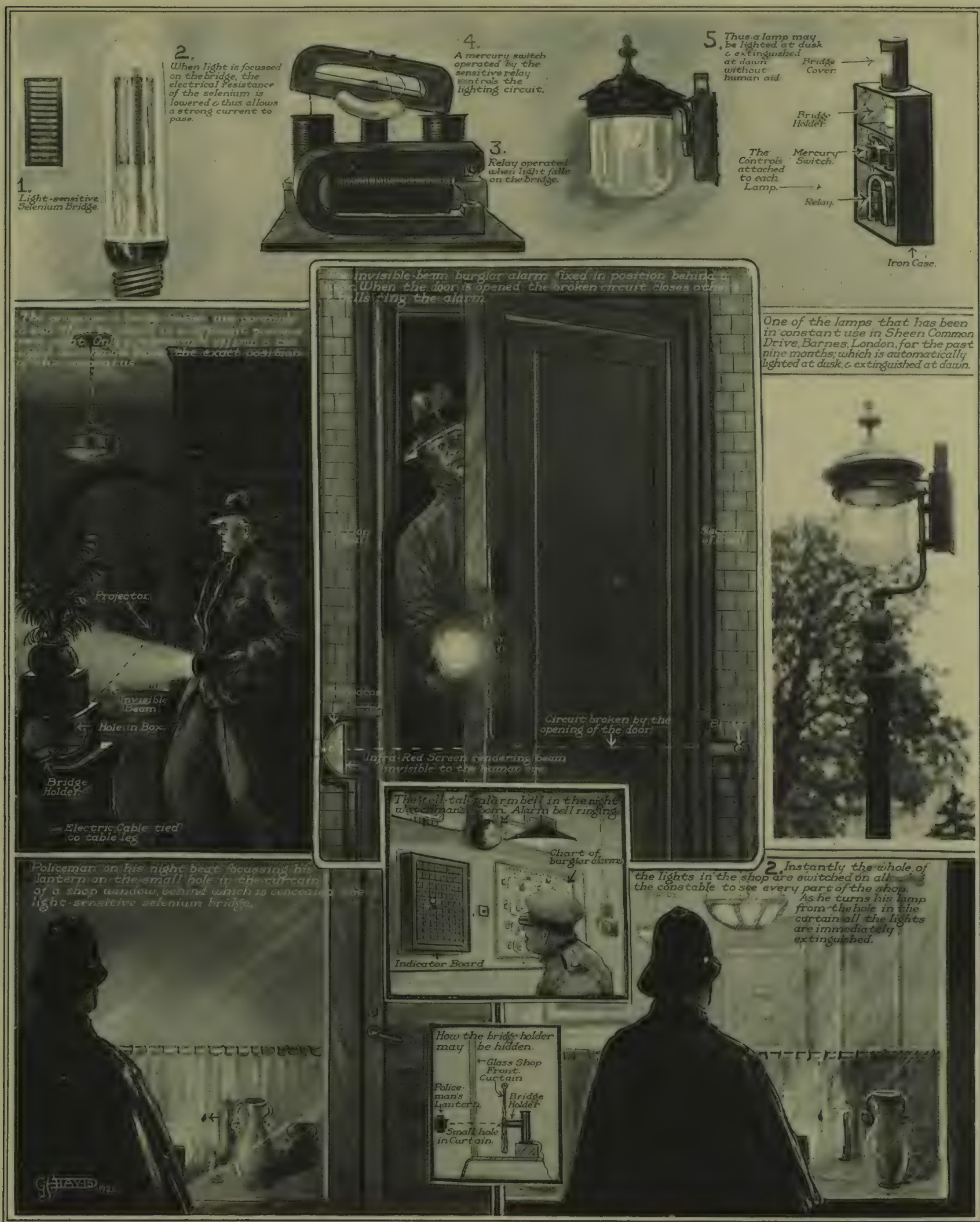
FIG. 3. A PRODUCT OF PREHISTORIC MAN, THE LATEST NOISE-MAKER, WHO INVENTED RHYTHM AND TUNES WHILE CHIPPING FLINTS: (ABOVE) A SPOILT FLINT IMPLEMENT; (BELOW) THE CHIPPED FLAKES PIECED TOGETHER AND REPLACED ROUND THE CORE.

The latest of the "noise-makers" to appear on the stage of Nature was Man himself. Doubtless he sang while taking his bath, but the first mechanical sounds produced by him were made when chipping flint nodules to serve as weapons. The upper figure of this photograph shows an unfinished "flint implement" spoilt by an unlucky blow. The lower figure shows all the flakes pieced together again surrounding the "core" which yielded the implement. The roar of modern traffic and inventions began with some such product of the first factory for the construction of lethal weapons.



## INVISIBLE RAYS THAT ACT AS BURGLAR-ALARMS: THE THIEF'S NEW FOE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY THE RADIOVISOR PARENT LIMITED. (COPYRIGHTED.)



## INVISIBLE BEAMS THAT RING ALARM BELLS AND LIGHT LAMPS: WONDERS OF SELENIUM.

For the past nine months a row of street lamps in Barnes, London, has been automatically lighted at dusk and switched off at dawn, working just as efficiently in fog. Each lamp is operated by a wonderful light-sensitive selenium "bridge" operating a relay, which, in turn, controls a mercury switch that turns on the lamp. This same apparatus in general principle has now been used as an invisible burglar-alarm. In front of the light-projector is placed an infra-red screen which renders the beam invisible to the human eye. This invisible ray is projected across doorways, windows, rooms, or departments (in Stores), and anyone or anything interrupting this ray breaks an electrical circuit, and closes others, thus, through relays, ringing alarm bells. In a large store it is naturally impossible to keep secret the position of all these invisible-ray burglar-alarms, but additional traps may be set nightly by fixing portable projectors and

"bridges" (hidden by furniture) and known only to the night watchman and a responsible official. For some months past, at premises in Poland Street, all the shop lamps have been mysteriously lighted as the patrolling constable on his night beat focusses his lantern on a certain part of the window known only to the police. Behind this spot is concealed the selenium "bridge" in a metal box, protected by a funnel so that only a direct light reaches the sensitive selenium. As the rays of the policeman's lamp are directly focussed on the bridge, relays at once switch on the lights and extinguish them as the rays of the lamp are turned away. Experiments are being made to use selenium for controlling railway signals and even stopping trains. Its possibilities are enormous now that the apparatus can be operated off the ordinary household supply mains up to 1000 volts.



# BOOKS OF THE DAY.

fore, during, and since the war, though a subject of endless fascination, are slightly bewildering. It is all such an inextricable tangle of conflicting purposes, ideals, ambitions, intrigues, jealousies, and personal animosities that one despairs of forming any just estimate of the true facts of the case in any particular local controversy—let alone the whole vast international complication. Perhaps it is the very hopelessness of the quest that makes it so fascinating.

One thought which emerges clearly is that, in great political upheavals, it is often the wrong people who suffer—well-meaning, amiable folk who wished nobody ill. This applies to exalted personages no less than to the common crowd. Monarchs and their consorts, for instance, who have perished by revolution have not always been vicious or tyrannical. On the contrary, some have been pious, benevolent, domesticated; and their downfall has been due rather to an incapacity for rule, or to a certain misguided outlook and mentality. New light on the most heartrending example of such a cruel fate is shed by "THE LIFE AND TRAGEDY OF ALEXANDRA FEODOROVNA, EMPRESS OF RUSSIA." A Biography. By Baroness Sophie Buxhoeveden. With an Introduction by J. C. Squire. Illustrated (Longmans, Green; 25s.).

Here we have at once a vindication and a faithful and sympathetic portrait of a much-maligned and much-tortured woman, by one who knew her intimately and loved her well; not blind either to her virtues or her faults. Baroness Buxhoeveden had been acquainted with the Empress for nine years when, in 1913, she became a lady-in-waiting. After the Revolution she shared the imperial family's captivity until forcibly separated from them in May 1918, just before the horror of Ekaterinburg. She writes, therefore, with manifest authenticity, and she has given us a book of poignant human interest—"the record of a life (as she puts it), not the tale of daily happenings at Court." It is a book that will rank among the most appealing of royal biographies and one of the undisputed historical sources for the Revolution period in Russia. Especially interesting is the story of Rasputin and his influence over the Empress.

The tribulations and undoing of another sovereign credited with the best intentions are recorded from a still closer and more intimate standpoint—by his own brother—in "POLITICAL MEMOIRS, 1914-1917." Pages from My Diary. By H.R.H. Prince Nicholas of Greece, author of "My Fifty Years." With Frontispiece (a portrait of the late King Constantine) and thirty-one other illustrations (Hutchinson; 24s.). The spirit of the book is shown in the dedication to that unfortunate monarch "in the hope that it may clear the name of a man cruelly wronged, a great king, a great gentleman and soldier, and a great Hellene." It is a spirit that does honour to the writer and it imparts to his work a tone of deep sincerity.

While it is naturally a controversial book, and one in which the author has to say things not pleasant to English ears, every fair-minded reader will wish to hear both sides. Thus of the Asia Minor débâcle, Prince Nicholas writes: "In spite of the fact that this war was considered as a continuation of the Great War and Greece had been empowered by the Entente to bring the Treaty of Sévres into effect, he (King Constantine) was let down by Italy, France, and England, each in turn; and without money, and without arms, was forced to stand alone against a united and new Turkey fully equipped and led by the strong hand of Mustapha Kemal."

Incidentally, Prince Nicholas describes an interview he himself had with the Tsar, and pays a tribute to his personal character. "He may perhaps have been weak and undecided, but I never knew anyone who had a kinder or sweeter disposition, and whose manner was so full of charm. During our long talk I gathered that the Emperor had no illusions as to the enormous difficulties with which Russia had to contend, but he seemed quite confident of the ultimate issue. . . . Never had the Allies a truer or more loyal friend."

Admiration for "the strong hand of Mustapha Kemal" as the builder and educator of a new nation, and, in particular, as the liberator of women and the champion of homes against harems, is the dominant note of "TURKEY TO-DAY." By Grace Ellison. Illustrated (Hutchinson; 18s.). This is a book that is both vivid and instructive, earnest and entertaining. It is the work of an enthusiast—I might say, a hero-worshipper—who has known Turkey

for many years, and can compare the present with the past. The Ghazi's attitude to the Woman Question is given in his own words to the author: "Harems, veils, lattice-windows, and all the retrograde heresies from Byzantium, belong to an age that has passed, and must go. How can we build up a perfect democracy, with half the population in bondage?"

And what of the new Turkey's relations with Greece? Here, too, the author recalls what Mustapha Kemal had said to her, five years ago: "We were the best of friends with the Greeks until the Powers interfered. And we will be friends again, the best of friends." At one of the official parties in Angora, where the presence of unveiled Turkish women has made a great social change, she describes how the Greek Minister, seated at dinner beside a Turkish statesman's wife, "was busy burning incense before the Ghazi," and paying homage to the good qualities of the Turk; and how, at another party in the Greek Legation, "Turkish women fox-trotted with Greek men." Miss Ellison is as caustic as Prince Nicholas about English policy at the time of the Asia Minor campaign. "The

Later chapters tell his experiences as a prisoner in Turkey, his part in arranging the armistice at Mudros, his subsequent work in Parliament, and his being refused a passport to visit Angora (which he did, despite official opposition), and his long talk with Mustapha Kemal. Although Townshend had warred with the Turks, he was a friend and admirer of the new Turkey. Moreover, he regarded a pro-Turk policy as expedient. "If (he wrote) you push Turkey out of Europe into Asia Minor altogether, she will become an Asiatic power with dire consequences to us in India. It is in the vital interests of Great Britain that Turkey should retain her footing in Europe at Constantinople."

At this point I turn aside from recent events and pass to an earlier page in the story of our own islands, which have been more than once the scene of wars and "civil commotions." Through the softening haze of time we can regard these dead agonies without the passions that caused them, and an archaeological glamour invests the places where men died on the battlefield or the scaffold, and the faded documents that record their perils and adventures. Perhaps, in a century or so, the Russians will have this feeling about the annals of their Revolution.

## To Our Readers and Photographers at Home and Abroad.

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" has always been famed for its treatment of the various branches of Science. Its archæological articles and illustrations are known throughout the world, and its pages dealing with Natural History and Ethnology are of equal value. These and other subjects are dealt with in our pages in a more extensive way than in any other illustrated weekly journal. We take this opportunity, therefore, of urging our readers to forward to us photographs of interest in these branches of Science.

Few people visiting the less-known parts of the world fail to equip themselves with cameras, and we wish to inform explorers and others who travel that we are glad to consider photographs which show curious customs of various nationalities, civilised and uncivilised, their sports, habits, and costumes; in fact, anything of a little-known or unusual character.

We are very pleased to receive, also, photographs dealing with Natural History in all its branches, especially those which are of a novel description. Our pages deal thoroughly with unfamiliar habits of birds, animals, fishes, and insects.

To Archæologists we make a special appeal to send us the results of recent discoveries.

In addition, we are glad to consider photographs or rough sketches illustrating important events throughout the world; but such contributions should be forwarded by the quickest possible route, immediately after the events.

We welcome contributions and pay well for all material accepted for publication.

When illustrations are submitted, each subject should be accompanied by a suitable description.

Contributions should be addressed to: The Editor, *The Illustrated London News*, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

betrayal of the Greeks, the cruelty of encouraging their dreams of a 'Greater Greece,' and then leaving them to the mercy of the Turkish army, is not England's greatest unkindness towards Greece. Because they were Christians and, politically, admirable 'cats' paws,' we gave them an entirely wrong idea of their own value."

Similar criticism occurs in "TOWNSHEND OF CHITRAL AND KUT." By Erroll Sherson. Based on the Diaries and Private Papers of Major-General Sir Charles Townshend. Illustrated (Heinemann; 21s.). This able and moving memoir affords yet another example of one who suffered from the mistakes and omissions—and occasionally, it is suggested, the "personal revenge"—of others; and who "died of a broken heart." It is made obvious that General Townshend advanced into Mesopotamia with insufficient forces and support, against his better judgment, and that the Kut disaster was no fault of his; although, when the honours list for the heroic defence was issued three years later, his name did not appear! The book gives the impression of a great military leader, beloved by his troops, but apt to make enemies among men of his own rank and standing.

As a companion book to the last-named, I can recommend "SCOTLAND'S ROYAL LINE." The Tragic House of Stuart. With a Personal Biography of that Hero of Romance and Misfortune, Prince Charles Edward. By Grant R. Francis, F.S.A., author of "Jacobite Drinking Glasses." With numerous illustrations (Murray; 21s.). This admirable work, one chapter is devoted to "the cadet branches of the family and their ramifications throughout Europe, after the main branch died out."

Other books to which I hope to return later are of special interest in connection with recent happenings. Thus, topicality belongs to "AMERICA OF TO-DAY." By J. A. Spender (Benn; 12s. 6d.); while the recent celebration of Czechoslovakia's tenth anniversary bestows the same quality on "MY WAR MEMOIRS." By Dr. Eduard Benes, Czechoslovak Minister of Foreign Affairs. Translated from the Czech by Paul Selver. Illustrated (George Allen and Unwin; 21s.). That country and Greece are among those visited by the authors of "THROUGH EUROPE AND THE BALKANS." The Record of a Motor Tour. By Lieutenant-Colonel P. T. Etherton, late H.M. Consul-General in Chinese Turkestan, and A. Dunscombe Allen, Director of the Touring Department of the Automobile Association. With thirty-two Plates and Map Endpapers in colours (Cassell; 12s. 6d.). This list of attractive new books might be indefinitely prolonged, but there is a limit, and I have reached it. C. E. B.



# SAVED FROM AN ATTIC: ROWLANDSONS FROM ECCLESTON SQUARE.

REPRODUCTIONS BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. SOTHEY, NEW BOND STREET, WHO ARE AUCTIONING THE ORIGINALS ON NOVEMBER 20.



FROM THE COLLECTION DISCOVERED IN THE HOUSE OF DAME CHARLOTTE DE BATHE: KEW BRIDGE—COACHES OUTSIDE THE STAR AND GARTER INN.



TO COME UNDER THE HAMMER WITH THE REST OF THE DE BATHE COLLECTION: PUTNEY BRIDGE FROM THE SOUTH SIDE SHOWING PUTNEY CHURCH.



"DUNSTER TOWER AND MINEHEAD, FROM THE BLUE ANCHOR INN, SOMERSET."



"THE CROWN INN, ST. IVES, CORNWALL; WITH CAVALRY, LADEN DONKEY, AND INN-KEEPER."



"OLD BATTERSEA BRIDGE: ANGLERS FISHING FROM PUNTS IN MID-STREAM, BARGES UNLOADING, TO LEFT, FIGURES AND WHERRY ON SHORE IN FOREGROUND."



"PUTNEY BRIDGE WITH VIEW OF FULHAM CHURCH: OLD SWAN INN TO LEFT IN FOREGROUND, WITH PEOPLE SMOKING AND DRINKING ON THE RIVER SHORE."

Over a hundred water-colour drawings by Rowlandson figure in the sale of certain of the property of the late Dame Charlotte de Bathe at Sotheby's on November 20. A romantic history attaches to them. The auctioneer's representative was told that there was nothing of moment in the attic of Lady de Bathe's Eccleston Square house, but, on investigating a dusty parcel, he discovered not only the Rowlandsons in question, but a number of notable prints. Thomas Rowlandson, it may be recalled, was born in London in 1756, and died there in 1827. As a designer and etcher of caricatures and humorous subjects, he has, of course, world fame. He studied in Paris and at the Royal Academy. Then, to quote Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters and Engravers," a French lady who was his aunt by marriage supplied him with funds and, on her death, left him seven thousand pounds and other property. "He then gave way to his bent towards dissipation. In Paris he had imbibed a love for gaming; and he now frequented

the most fashionable play-houses in London, where he alternately won and lost without emotion, until he had dissipated more than one valuable legacy. It is said that he once sat uninterruptedly at the card-table for thirty-six hours. He has been known, after having lost all he had, to sit down coolly to his work, and exclaim, 'I've played the fool, but (holding up his pencils) here is my resource.' . . . His style, which was purely his own, was quite original. He drew a bold outline with the reed pen, in a tint composed of vermilion and Indian ink, washed in the general effect in chiaroscuro, and then slightly tinted the whole with the proper local colours. . . . He made the illustrations for 'The Travels of Dr. Syntax,' 'The Dance of Death,' 'The Dance of Life,' by W. Coombe. The first-named of these was 'written to' Rowlandson's drawings by Coombe. In spite of his reckless mode of life, Rowlandson had the character of a man of scrupulous honour."



## THE DOCK-SIDE TROUBLE IN AUSTRALIA: FREE FIGHTS, BOMBS, AND REVOLVERS.



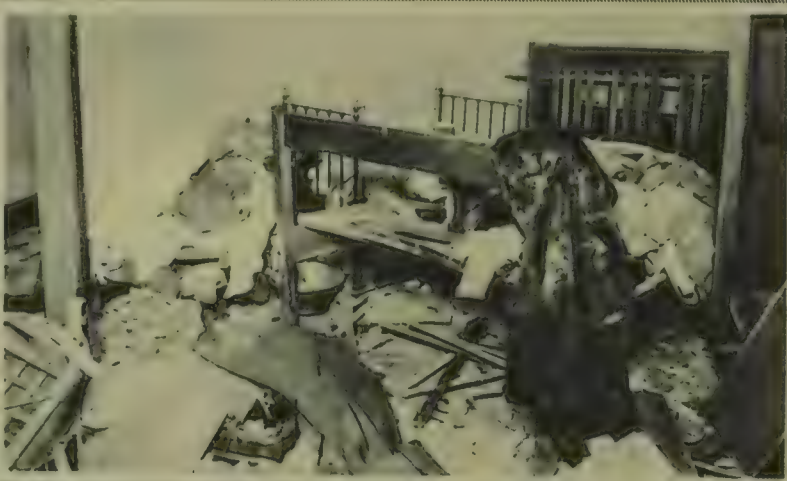
POLICE CHASING STRIKERS, WHO WERE MOLESTING VOLUNTEER WORKERS, OUTSIDE THE CUSTOMS HOUSE AT MELBOURNE: AN INCIDENT OF THE RIOTING DURING A STRIKE OF WHARF LABOURERS.

Although it was stated on October 19 in a message from Melbourne that "the strike of waterside workers which began over six weeks ago ended today," the trouble seems to have broken out afresh a week or two later. Writing from Melbourne on November 2, a "Times" correspondent said: "Faced by a menacing mob of 700 Unionists, who attempted to break through the guard at the Prince's Pier in order to storm the ships in which volunteers were working, the police drew their revolvers this morning and fired into the crowd." The above photographs, however, which have just arrived from Australia, evidently illustrate some of the earlier disturbances, about the beginning of October, although the photographers omit to mention the actual dates of the particular incidents represented. On October 1, at Melbourne,

*[Continued below.]*



A BOMB OUTRAGE IN MELBOURNE: THE WRECKED OFFICE OF THE FOREMAN OF THE DOCK LABOURERS.



WHERE TWO CHILDREN SLEEPING IN THE COT (SHOWN ON THE FAR SIDE) NARROWLY ESCAPED DEATH: A BEDROOM IN THE HOME OF A FOREMAN STEVEDORE IN MELBOURNE WRECKED BY A BOMB THROWN BY STRIKERS.



CITIZENS OF ADELAIDE FORM A DEFENCE FORCE TO PROTECT THE CITY AGAINST MOB RULE: A DETACHMENT ARMED WITH RIFLES AND BAYONETS MARCHING OFF DUTY.

*[Continued.]*

began the registration of volunteers under the New Transport Workers Act, to which the strikers (numbering about 30,000 in various ports) strongly objected. At Melbourne hundreds of strikers attacked the volunteers, and the police frequently had to use their batons and sometimes their revolvers. It was reported at the same time that the foreign element in the mob was making bombs for use against volunteers. At Adelaide, where similar trouble occurred, there was formed a Citizens' Defence Brigade, 2000 strong, including many professional and business men, clerks, and university students. They were armed with rifles and bayonets, and placed under military command.



A TYPICAL SCENE IN MELBOURNE DURING THE RECENT DOCK STRIKE: CROWDS OF DEMONSTRATORS AND A PATROL OF MOUNTED POLICE, WITH TWO CONSTABLES ON FOOT MAKING AN ARREST.



A PLAIN-CLOTHES POLICEMAN (IN CENTRE, WITH BACK TO CAMERA) KEEPING AT BAY WITH HIS REVOLVER STRIKERS WHO WERE MOLESTING A FREE LABOURER (HATLESS, ON LEFT): AN INCIDENT OF THE MELBOURNE RIOTS.



## THE WORLD OF WOMEN: A PAGE OF PERSONALITIES.



**CELEBRATING THE ENTHRONEMENT OF THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN, AT THE JAPANESE EMBASSY IN LONDON: MR. S. SABURI, THE CHARGÉ D'AFFAIRES, AT THE RECEPTION OF THE GUESTS.**

The enthronement of the Emperor of Japan, which took place at Kyoto on November 10, was officially celebrated in London at the Japanese Embassy. On the left in the photograph is Mrs. Yonezawa, wife of the Japanese Consul. Next but one to her is Baroness Taku. Next are Col. the Marquess Mayeda, Military Attaché; Mr. Saburi; Marchioness Mayeda; and Captain Shizawa, Naval Attaché. On the right are Major Kushibuchi and Mrs. Moyiya.



**THE CITY'S "QUEEN" AND HER ATTENDANTS: LADY STUDD AND HER MAIDS OF HONOUR.**

L. to r., at back, are Miss Sylvia Ellison, Miss Betty Baddeley, Miss Belle Tyrrie, Miss Merial Smith, and Princess Mary Lieven. In front, l. to r., are Miss Blanche Ferguson, Miss Rosemary Smith, the Lady Mayoress, Miss Elizabeth Studd, and Princess Ima Lieven.

**AT THE GUILD-HALL: THE NEW LORD MAYOR AND LADY MAYORESS; AND THE NEW SHERIFFS AND THEIR WIVES.**

Sir Kynaston Studd, the new Lord Mayor of the City of London, married Princess Alexandra Lieven, of Russia, as his second wife, in 1924. The new Sheriffs are Sir William Alfred Waterlow, K.B.E., (left) and Mr. William George Coxen, C.C. (right).



**A FAMOUS FENCING TROPHY GOES OVERSEAS AGAIN: Mlle. HOLST (UNIVERSITY F.C., DENMARK), WINNER OF THE ALFRED HUTTON MEMORIAL CHALLENGE CUP (RIGHT), CONGRATULATED BY MISS BUTLER.**

Last year the Alfred Hutton Cup was won by Fräulein Mayer, of Germany. This year it has been captured by Mlle. Holst, the Danish champion. Mlle. Holst had five wins and no defeats; Miss Butler, four wins and one defeat.



**LADY HAIG'S TRIBUTE ON "POPPY DAY": PLACING HER WREATH ON THE GLASGOW CENOTAPH.**

On November 10, "Poppy Day," Lady Haig placed a wreath on the Glasgow Cenotaph. The inscription read: "Douglas Haig. From his Wife. 1928." On Armistice Day she marched to the Stone of Remembrance in Edinburgh.



**PRINCESS ELIZABETH ATTENDS HER FIRST HUNT: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS GREETED BY A LITTLE GIRL IN A PRAM WHEN ACCOMPANYING HER MOTHER TO A MEET OF THE PYTCHLEY.**

Little Princess Elizabeth attended the meet of the Pytchley at Creton, near Naseby, at the end of last week, and was much interested in the hounds. She was not allowed to play with them, as she wished to do! The Duke of York was one of the large field.



**A WOMAN MINISTER OFFICIATES AT A WEDDING: THE REV. MISS VERA M. N. FINDLAY SIGNING THE REGISTER AFTER HAVING CONDUCTED A MARRIAGE CEREMONY IN SCOTLAND.**

Miss Findlay is Minister at the Stewartville Congregational Church, Partick, Glasgow. The first marriage at which she has officiated—here illustrated—was that of the other day between Miss Mary Sands Muir and Mr. John Fisher, both of Partick.



## A SPLENDID RACE NOW DWINDLING TOWARDS EXTINCTION: THE WHITE RHINOCEROS.

By P. C. R. SENHOUSE.

IT is probable that at no very distant date the world of natural science will be mourning the loss of yet another link with the past in the guise of the huge land mammal known to present-day sportsmen as the white rhinoceros (*Ceratotherium Cottoni*). The term "white" was evidently applied to this species by the Cape Dutch of South Africa, where this animal abounded several decades ago, in order to distinguish it from its smaller cousin, the "black" rhinoceros. I should imagine that the description of "white" probably referred to this animal's appearance when seen

of the south-west Sudan and in the north-east portion of the Belgian Congo, as well as in the vicinity of the Franco-Belgian boundary running westerly to the Cameroons, but their numbers are difficult to estimate.

There can be no sport in shooting a white rhinoceros, yet these splendid animals have been mercilessly harried by museum collectors and so-called sportsmen, even at a time when the race was believed to be on the verge of extinction. France and Belgium are endeavouring to afford adequate protection to the survivors in their African possessions, while in the British territories the race is now completely protected from the activities of the museum collector and trophy-hunter.

It is not many years ago that this species was unmolested by the natives inhabiting the Lado, but a sudden demand from India and the Far East for rhinoceros horns, which are highly valued for medicinal purposes, put a different complexion on matters, and the hunting of the white rhinoceros speedily became an extremely profitable pastime. Latterly, the remarkable prices which have

been paid per pound for rhinoceros horn have been an added incentive to the poacher and smuggler. The restrictions on general game-killing, in an area peopled with tribes who suffer periodically from inordinate meat-hunger, have naturally resulted in the surreptitious destruction of considerable numbers of these great beasts for the sake of their meat.

The front horn of this species is often of great length, but those in the northern race have not been known to exceed 42 inches, though in South Africa I believe there is a record of a horn which attained a length of nearly seven feet (quoted by C. G. Schillings as 6 ft. 9 in.). Authenticated measurements of horns taken from the southern race are 62½, 56½, 54, 52½, 52, and 50½ inches, all doubtless being those of cows, the sex which usually produces the longer horns.

Owing to this animal's habit of carrying its head low, the tip of the front horn is often considerably worn through constant contact with the ground. This defect is accentuated when, as not infrequently happens, the horn curves forward instead of backwards, and I have come across several animals with horns of this nature, giving the creature a decidedly grotesque appearance. The slender portion of the horn is usually flattened on either side for some distance from the tip, and resembles a blade: this is possibly caused by rubbing the horn against termite heaps.

In the West Nile district the calves are apparently dropped just after the grass-burning season (January and February), and prior to the first rains of the year and the advent of fresh grazing. Very tiny youngsters have occasionally been seen between the months of February and April. The stomach of a white rhinoceros hangs low, and is not raised much

above the ground, so that a calf which can easily pass beneath its dam is exceedingly diminutive, and no bigger than a small pig. Little is known beyond conjecture of the breeding habits of this species. There seems little doubt, from the records of observers in the past and from my own observations at the present time, that the white rhinoceros is a slow breeder.

As this species feeds exclusively on grass, it is found haunting the open valleys and plains, or thinly forested country, or light bush with good pasturage between the trees and clumps. I never saw one drinking, but twice saw spoor leading from a river where the animal must have left the water in the early hours of the morning. It was noticed that the white rhinoceros scarcely ever went down to the Albert Nile, although its main habitat is situated in a narrow strip of country on the left bank of that river.

It seems to prefer the vicinity of swamps, water-holes, and the pools in the beds of watercourses, and I conclude that it is not particularly in regard to the water it drinks so long as it can have a satisfactory wallow. In regard to suitability of habitat, one might sum up as follows: plenty of open grass for its feed, adequate shade from the midday heat, and mud-wallows for comfort. Water-barriers are evidently respected by the species, the occurrence of which has never been reported from the right bank of the Albert Nile, a river which is freely crossed by elephants and probably by buffaloes and water-buck. Also the white rhinoceros was unknown directly north of the Zambesi at a time when it was abundant to the south of that river. The bulls at times fight furiously, and one bearing the marks of battle is a sorry spectacle.

In general habits I would say that they are extremely bold and fearless, and the proximity of man is usually ignored. Hunting and incessant molestation makes them shy and possibly savage. They are generally extremely sluggish, and when lying down look like enormous pigs. They are frequently attended by cattle egrets (*Bubulcus ibis*), slender-tailed crows (*Cryptorhina afer*), and more rarely by the ox-pecker or tick-bird (*Buphaga erythrorhyncha*). The flight of these birds, accompanied by harsh screamings and chattering, when an intruder approaches usually induces a reclining rhinoceros to stand up.

However, my experience has been that the great beast does not take much interest in the intrusion, and as soon as it is satisfied that there is no danger it sinks once more to the ground with a contented grunt. When fighting they squeal loudly, but otherwise are rarely heard making any noise,



THE LARGEST FAMILY PARTY OF "WHITE" RHINOCEROS SEEN BY THE AUTHOR:  
FIVE OUT OF A GROUP OF SEVEN, WITH AN OLD BULL ON THE LEFT.

"One comes across numerous groups, such as two cows, each with a calf, three bulls, or a collection of family parties. The greatest number I have seen together is seven."

at a distance on the open South African veldt, for it has been recorded that its comparatively smooth hide glistened in the sunshine—a fact which would readily distinguish it from the smaller species with its rougher skin.

This rhinoceros is really of a dark greyish colour, described by F. C. Selous as a "neutral grey" or "uniform grey"; but, as members of the species, in particular the old bulls, are addicted to wallowing, specimens are more likely to be encountered plastered with the colour of the last mud-wallow they have indulged in, which, from my experience in Uganda, may vary from black, through several shades of brown, to a bright, rusty red. In fact, the single specimen portrayed is of a bull caked with mud of a vivid red-brown hue. (See opposite page.) Of the larger land animals there can be no such placid and inoffensive creature as the white rhinoceros; but, owing to its present restricted habitat, it is only the privileged few who are likely to come in contact with it and have an opportunity of studying its habits in its native haunts.

A full-grown bull attains a shoulder-height of nearly seven feet, and the whole animal bulks largely as compared with the black variety. There are certain characteristics which should readily distinguish the white from the black in the field, irrespective of the marked difference in size, such as the great ridge, or hump, in front of the withers, the curious habit of keeping the head almost touching the ground when at rest or on the move, and the heavily fringed ears. There can be no possibility of confusion of identity when a specimen is actually examined, as the broad, truncated muzzle, denoting the grass-feeder, and the square-based horns, unlike the rounded ones of the black species, are unmistakable.

The white rhinoceros was abundant a century ago all over South Africa north of the Orange River, except in waterless or mountainous districts, but the advance and spread of white settlement sounded the death-knell of the species, and at the present day the once multitudinous South African race is represented only in Zululand by a herd of less than three dozen animals, two of which were recently killed by an unknown person. All possible data must be secured at once. For the moment, the northern race is in a more flourishing state, and it is probable that nearly 150 animals still exist in Uganda, in the southern portion of what was once the Lado Enclave, situated on the left bank of the Albert Nile and to the north of Albert Nyanza, and now known as the West Nile district. There are plenty more in the desolate regions



A PREHISTORIC ANCESTOR OF THE "WHITE" RHINOCEROS, WITH PARASITE BIRDS ON ITS BACK, LIKE ITS DESCENDANTS ILLUSTRATED OPPOSITE: A PALEOLITHIC ENGRAVING FROM THE TRANSVAAL, REPUTED 25,000 TO 50,000 YEARS OLD.

We reproduce above, for comparison with the living specimens shown here and on the opposite page, the wonderful prehistoric engraving of a "White" Rhinoceros illustrated in our issue of July 14.

though they often grunt when disappearing after being alarmed. The female pushes its calf in front of it, guiding the youngster with its long horn.

These creatures are quick of hearing and have acute powers of smell, but the majority that I have come across have been far too domesticated to worry, in spite of having got my wind, and seen me moving about at a distance of a few yards.



# A DYING RACE OF INOFFENSIVE PACHYDERMS: "WHITE" RHINOCEROS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY P. C. R. SENHOUSE. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



BIRD PARASITES OF THE "WHITE" RHINOCEROS: PART OF A GROUP OF SEVEN OF THESE HUGE BUT "PLACID AND INOFFENSIVE" ANIMALS, IN THE WEST NILE DISTRICT OF UGANDA, WITH CATTLE EGRETS (*BUBULCUS IBIS*) AND SLENDER-TAILED CROWS (*CRYPTORHINA AFEK*) PERCHED ON THEIR BACKS.



NAMED THE "WHITE" RHINOCEROS FROM ITS SMOOTH, GLISTENING HIDE (TO DISTINGUISH IT FROM THE SMALLER AND ROUGH-SKINNED BLACK SPECIES), BUT REALLY GREY, AND OFTEN COLOURED RED-BROWN BY WALLOWING IN MUD: AN OLD BULL WITH A CATTLE EGRET ON HIS BACK.

As explained in the article opposite, the so-called "White" Rhinoceros, which is really grey, takes on the colour of the mud in which it wallows. These great beasts are placid and inoffensive, hardly budging at the approach of man, and provide about as much sport as a domestic cow. Yet they have been mercilessly harried, both by white hunters and natives, and the species is in danger of extinction, though measures have been taken to protect it. In an additional note on the lower photograph of the two given above, Mr. Senhouse says: "The old bull was one of a group of seven. Note the huge hump in front of the withers, and the comically curled tail. This animal was of a vivid red-brown colour from

its last mud-wallow, the dried mud of which can be seen caked on his flanks. This picture was taken (at 11.30 a.m.) at a distance of less than twenty paces. After I had been hobnobbing with the animals for more than an hour and a-half, I could only get them to move off with difficulty; they never went more than two hundred yards, and often not as far as a hundred yards. Another point to notice is the somnolent cattle egret (*Bubulcus ibis*) on the animal's back." Further particulars about these and other bird parasites are given towards the end of Mr. Senhouse's article. It is interesting to compare them with those seen in the prehistoric engraving reproduced on the opposite page.



# The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

## WHAT OUR PLAYGOERS DO NOT KNOW.—A PREUX CHEVALIER.

THERE is a large public these days for Sunday performances, and for such special productions as, for a few days' run only, are given at "Q" or the Little Arts Theatre, where last week the Tolstoy Centenary was celebrated by two notable representations of "The Power of Darkness" and "The Fruits of Enlightenment"—the latter never seen in London and rarely on the Continent. As a rule, these performances are scarcely different from an ordinary first-night. Nine times out of ten the *ensemble* is so close and efficient as to convey the impression that weeks and weeks of rehearsal have been bestowed on the production. Yet what those in front never know, and what those in command in the wings endure from the moment the curtain rises to its fall, is so peculiar, so truly dramatic, that there must be a providential power expressly ordained for the theatre to turn chaos into form.

For what happens when the producer starts work? He often has a large cast to fill, and naturally he tries to find the right person for the right part. That is the first difficulty. For the right person is generally engaged elsewhere, and cannot be recruited either for rehearsal or the night of the play. Frequently the producer feels inclined to "throw up the sponge," were it not that such an act of despair would be professionally considered as "cowardice before the enemy" and damage his prestige.

So he carries on. But how? At first the cast may not be complete—so one rehearses piecemeal—often the second act before the first, and so on, because there are not enough people to go round. Generally, thank goodness, every part is cast. For a week or so things begin to materialise. The players do not all turn up at rehearsal; some are busy with other shows, some are snapped up by the cinema. One fine day—when looking forward to a straightforward, progressive rehearsal—the producer is called to the telephone: Mr. X. is sorry; he can no longer rehearse, as he has just been engaged for lead and must start work at once. A little later a messenger-boy arrives—a similar message: Mr. Y. is also no longer available. The producer fingers his hair, but carries on: he reads the parts—this afternoon he will ring up Tom, Dick, and Harry. It is a fix, but a little one; there is still time—about ten days. With a little extra steam on, all will be well. Well, he does fill the gaps—it is Friday to-day—the new-comers won't rehearse till Monday; let's see, that will leave seven full days before the show and one for the dress rehearsal. Carry on! The Monday comes, and with it a thunder-clap: the leading lady, who was somewhere in a week's run, but sure to be free on the day, is suddenly informed that her play will go on for a further week. She cannot possibly say no, nor spare the money: for, at our special performances, you only get a little *douceur* for expenses; the rest of the reward is service to art and, possibly, kudos. This time the matter is most serious—almost touch and go. However, the producer, coaxed and humoured all round, once more scratches his head, sets to work, gets, by sheer luck, the "right person"; pours oil into the midnight lamp—actually he sacrifices all the leisure left to him. He rehearses the new lead in private somehow; he will drill her into the business, and as, thank goodness, she is brainy and a "quick study"—it may be "all right on the night." But with all this chopping and lopping; these changes, often of characters, too, in order to fit round pegs in square holes, the dress-rehearsal is a nightmare. There is trouble with the scenery; there is trouble with the lighting; some of the costumes are not at all what they should be; "props"

are missing; some things are forgotten; a few minor acolytes are "unavoidably prevented" (but they send the usual word—"all right on the night"). Worst of all, the actors, all on edge with nerves, are what you call "fluffy"; cues are missed, chunks are cut out, entrances are forgotten; it takes endless time to redress all that. Great heavens above! Will there be a show to-morrow? And, on the very day of the performance, that last act, which we did not

performances of artistic works. I have told you nothing of the cramped rehearsals in back rooms; of the moulding of the actors; of the many untoward happenings that mar the leadership of the producer; of the immense problem of forming the right picture without one single rehearsal on the stage; of the hurry-scurry to get the scenery right; of the unceasing fear that at the eleventh hour the performance may be frustrated because some important actor suddenly falls out, and there is no understudy at hand to take his place. What I have told you is but a feeble reflection of what Keith Moss and Michael Orme have gone through while rehearsing the Tolstoy plays—"The Fruits of Enlightenment," with thirty-four people, "The Power of Darkness" with twenty-two in the cast. Their recollections would be as good as a play—and yet, when the days came, the performances were as smooth as the waters of a lake, and no one could have guessed that behind the smiling surface—and that success—lay a *venue* of endless anxiety. Which prompts me to believe, once and for all, that the World of the Theatre is a wonderland in our midst.

In the month of June of this year Mr. Leon M. Lion rendered signal service to the cause of the British drama and the repute of English acting on the Continent. Invited by M. Gemier, the State Director of the Paris Odéon, to take part in the International Dramatic Tournament at that theatre, he took over an English company of well-known actors, and gave performances of Galsworthy's "Justice" and "Loyalties" which, to use a familiar expression, were an eye-opener to the Parisian press and public. The unity of the *ensemble*, the fine individual characterisation of every actor concerned, the poise and finish of the production—last, but not least, the artistic structure and the intense humanity of Galsworthy's plays, elicited pæans of praise from the critics, ovations from the audience, and complimentary speeches from the Director and Minister of Fine Arts. The latter—thus it was whispered at a garden party of the British Ambassador, Lord Crewe—meant something more than mere "words": something would follow, a tangible form of appreciation which, in honouring Mr. Lion, was an official tribute of the French authorities to the British Stage.

Briefly—Mr. Lion, soon after his return to London, was informed that he had been recommended for the distinction of the Legion of Honour, provided that the British Government—which since the war will not allow Britishers to accept foreign decorations except under very special circumstances and restrictions—would sanction the preferment. The *brevet* was not long in coming. As I write, Mr. Leon M. Lion is a proud *Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur* of France, and it now rests with our Foreign Office to sanction his acceptance of the Order. Apparently there is as yet a bit of red tape in the way of Mr. Lion's red ribbon; but there is every reason to believe that, ere long, his Majesty will ratify the appointment, and thus signify that he—in harmony with the World of the Theatre—is well cognisant of the ceaseless activities of Mr. Lion in the furtherance of our drama, our players,

and the propagation of our prestige across the sea. For it is not the first time that Mr. Lion has sent English companies abroad; and on every occasion he has run considerable risks, caring only for the moral success of his enterprise. Could there be a better qualification for a place in the Legion of Honour?



THE TAXI-DRIVER PEER'S FIRST "FARE" IS DRIVEN TO HIS OWN HOUSE, SUPPOSED TO BE CLOSED AND UNOCCUPIED: MR. HUGH WAKEFIELD AS LORD TRENT AND MISS MARION LORNE AS SOPHIE RYE, IN "77, PARK LANE," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S THEATRE.

reach yesterday—for the stage was wanted—will have to be dress-rehearsed a few hours before the curtain goes up.

But the great heavens above are kind to the workers of the theatre. On "the night" the machine works almost like clockwork; there is no hitch; everybody knows his business and his words. When the curtain falls and plaudits are loud there is hal-



"JEHU, I'LL BUY YOUR TAXI": THE COFFEE-STALL SCENE IN "77, PARK LANE," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S: (L. TO R.) MR. HUGH WAKEFIELD (AS LORD TRENT), MR. GEORGE DILLON (McGUFFEY), MR. FRANK H. MOORE (COFFEE-STALL KEEPER), MR. ROLAND CULVER (HIS ASSISTANT), AND MR. W. EARLE GREY (DENNY). Mr. Walter Hackett's mystery melodrama, "77, Park Lane," is rich in comic incident, wherein Mr. Hugh Wakefield's delicious humour appears at its best. He represents a young rubber planter who returns to find himself a peer, and is first seen celebrating Boat-Race night on top of a taxi. As the taxi-driver wants to go home, Lord Trent buys the taxi and changes clothes with the late owner. His first fare is a charming girl, Sophie Rye, who asks to be driven to 77, Park Lane, Lord Trent's own house, supposed to be closed! It turns out to be occupied surreptitiously by a blackmailer as a gambling den. Thereafter all is mysterious and melodramatic.

lujah on the stage, congratulations, hand-shakes, embraces; once again the old belief, "Rotten dress-rehearsal, triumphant show," has prevailed.

This is not a fairy tale, dear readers; this is not even strict realism. You cannot, by the widest stretch of imagination, picture the difficulties of the producer who devotes himself to these occasional



## AUTUMN "PAIRING" IN A LONDON PARK: A "JOUST" OF RED DEER.

FROM THE DRAWING BY GILBERT HOLIDAY. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



## "ROMANCE—A NATURE STUDY IN RICHMOND PARK": RIVAL STAGS LOCKED IN A FIERCE ENCOUNTER BEFORE THE HINDS.

In the above drawing Mr. Gilbert Holiday illustrates a typical incident in the courtship of animals which Londoners interested in nature study may observe at this time of year, that is, the pairing season among the red deer. "Richmond Park," he writes, "is the great place to take a horse out these days. Not only are there wonderful gallops, where the going is always good, but nature provides entertainment and thrills too. The glades are a blaze of colour, and the red deer (nearly 14 hands, most of them, and some sixteen-pointers) are at their best." Describing similar encounters among the wild deer of Scotland, the "Royal Natural History" says: "The harts are heard

roaring all over the forest, and are engaged in savage conflicts with each other, which sometimes terminate fatally. When a master hart has collected a number of hinds, another will endeavour to take them from him. They will fight till one of them, feeling himself worsted, will run in circles round the hinds, being unwilling to leave them; the other pursues, and, when he touches the fugitive with the points of his horns, the animal thus gored either bounds suddenly on one side, and then turns and faces him, or will dash off to the right or left, and at once give up the contest. . . . It is a sort of wild joust, in the presence of the dames who, as of old, bestow their favours on the most valiant."



# TEN YEARS AFTER.

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

*the distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.*

*We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.*

TEN years have passed since the end of the World War. Can we begin to get any idea of the changes it has produced? Unexpected, surprising changes seem to meet us everywhere. Oh, sacred marbles of the Parthenon, who could have foretold that you would one day see a kind of Hellenic Manchester grown up at your feet? It seems that even Athens has become an enormous industrial town of nearly a million inhabitants during these last years, and it is no longer connected by long walls with the Piræus, but by an uninterrupted chain of factories. To what more dazzling triumph could have aspired the great industrial development born a century ago under the grey skies of verdant England? Thanks to the World War, the Great Industrial development is now acclimatised even in the ancient home of the Muses.

Enormous fortunes have been made during the past fifteen years in tobacco. Happy are the manufacturers of cigars and cigarettes, and happy are the shareholders! In those countries in which it is a State monopoly, tobacco has been a sheet-anchor for the national Budget in the midst of the financial tempests let loose by the war. Why? Thirty years ago men only smoked when and where they were permitted to, for severe discipline limited the hours and the localities in which nicotine might be burned. In many countries the pleasure was hardly known outside the towns. To-day men and women, old and young, city dwellers and peasants, smoke everywhere night and day. The world became accustomed in the war to living in a perpetual cloud of mild nicotine vapour.

Another yet more incredible surprise is that women no longer hesitate to sacrifice their graces to the gods of rapid motion. The superb heads of hair of former days have fallen before the pitiless scissors of an age which is in such a hurry that even its women must economise the time formerly devoted to making themselves beautiful. Who would not have laughed twenty years ago if they had been told that we should live to see women of all ages in short skirts? At that time one saw a few at masked balls! In Italy they were called "the babies." The long skirt seemed at that time to be an imperative necessity of beauty and morals, as immovable as the Commandments of Sinai. But even women are forced to run to-day.

Is this a transformation of the world? Revolution? We must not allow ourselves to be deceived by the outward appearances of all these facts which are sometimes fantastic. They are not novelties, but exaggerations. It was repeatedly said during the war that it would result in the greatest revolution known in history. After ten years of peace we can undeniably establish the fact that, except for the upheaval in Russia, the World War, far from accomplishing anything new, merely accentuated everywhere the qualities and faults of the pre-existing world. The world was already rolling down the slopes of feminism, urbanism, industrialism, and sybaritism. Only the rate of speed has increased.

Industrialism developed after 1914 everywhere; the great towns grew even greater; the countryside continued to be depopulated; rapidity of motion was accelerated, life became more intense, the taste for pleasure and luxury reached even greater depths in the social scale, the movement tending to equalise the sexes in professions and social life became still more accentuated. The World War was like a sharp cut with a whip given to a horse which was already running away. The spectacle at which we have been assisting for the last ten years is one of supreme tension and over-excitement—that is to say, the last triumph of quantitative civilisation. It is true that up to a certain point the quality of things changes with the quantity. A small dose of a thing may be good, but a large dose of the same thing may be harmful, and even mortal. It is evident that the world cannot continue indefinitely to enlarge its towns, multiply its inhabitants and its machines; nor can it continue to increase its work and consumption. The effort of our civilisation must one day stop at what we may call the absolute limit of all human efforts. Has the World War, by expediting the development of quantitative civilisation, brought us sufficiently near to that limit for us to begin seriously to suffer from the excess of our qualities?

The moral uneasiness that we find everywhere to-day, among the rich as among the poor, among the conquerors as among the conquered, would make one believe that this

is so. For a century the world only desired that great quantitative triumph under the name of progress. It ought to be satisfied. It is not. Why? The question is too serious and too obscure for us to be able to solve it by more or less ingenious deductions after such a short experience. What we can declare is a simpler and more certain fact; that is, thanks to this intensification of activity, the world, in so far as the machine which produces riches is concerned, has resisted all the trials of the World War and the revolutions by which it was followed. During the war and in the first years of peace one might have feared that this would not be so, for destruction at one time had assumed such gigantic proportions. Now we cannot be in doubt as to the great novelty which has been produced in the history of the world. Whereas up till the beginning of the nineteenth century all the great wars were followed by a long period of misery, this was not the case with the World War, and it will not be so. While the

With the exception of one absolute monarchy—Russia—and of two Republics—France and Switzerland—the rest of Europe lived under mixed régimes which had succeeded in reconciling, thanks to different combinations, the ancient régime and the revolution, the right divine of Kings and the sovereignty of the people. It was democracy, one of the most original creations of the nineteenth century. Those régimes were all more or less good, and together they secured for Europe half a century of order and liberty which she will probably continue to regret for a long time. The Government had still prestige and strength, but it could not abuse its power because the people were no longer "tailleable et corvéable à merci." If the direction and initiative still belonged to restricted oligarchies who, besides, were all fairly cultivated, the masses could defend their own interests and rights without having to make too great efforts or waste too much time. That complicated balance of antagonistic powers made gentler manners and the expansion of all social forces possible because liberty was solidly guaranteed.

The World War destroyed this ingenious system: Europe became a republican continent, where feeble monarchies subsisted in a state of peril and isolation, surrounded by the ruins of the three most powerful dynasties. As the Divine Right of Kings and the sovereignty of the people have been in conflict since the French Revolution, the monarchical catastrophes of 1917 and 1918 ought to have produced the triumph of democratic principles. But the result was exactly the opposite, and that is the second great contradiction of the time in which we live. The fall of the monarchical principle has everywhere produced a crisis of the democratic principle. The two principles of authority leant one against the other, like the two parts of a Gothic arch, and when one of the two halves of the arch was broken the other half remained in the air, tottering in the void.

That is the deep-seated cause of the political crisis by which, under different forms, all Europe has been tormented for the last ten years. Both in the countries which fell, and in those in which monarchical power was weakened, the people should have inherited the stranded or declining power. But they did not improvise a republic or a constitutional monarchy as in England. The new sovereign was afraid of his crown. In the new republic, as in the surviving democracies, difficulties of all sorts, different in each country, cropped up. And, what was still more serious, the influence of the countries which were taken unawares by the crumbling away of the monarchical system, without having had a sufficient political preparation, had a reverberating effect upon those countries whose people had long been accustomed to govern themselves, as in France, England, and the United States.

Ten years ago, immediately after the Armistice, it would not have been unreasonable to suppose that those three countries would become the model and guide for the political reorganisation of which the rest of Europe stood in need. Had they not solved, at all events, the broader bases of the problems by which the rest of Europe was somewhat suddenly faced? Their history would surely now have a didactic value. Nothing of the kind happened. Those countries continued to live under their old institutions without being too much shaken. But they were so completely occupied by their own difficulties that they no longer perceived the quite different, but equally serious, difficulties with which the rest of Europe was grappling.

It has always been understood in all systems of philosophy that the problem of authority is the most vital of all problems. At a moment when two-thirds of Europe no longer know on what the right to command and the duty to obey rests, Western thought seems completely to have lost interest in that problem. Modern philosophy studies zealously and with a broad outlook all problems—that of knowledge, of the absolute, relativity, the particular, the general, force, matter, and God. But modern philosophy seems specially anxious to eliminate that problem which was always understood to be vital; and it stops short at the moment when, having found a more or less good solution of all the other problems, it becomes necessary to make deductions from the results to solve the chief problem of power and obedience. Literature, too, willingly coquets with philosophy and even with theology; but it also ignores the point that a problem of authority exists somewhere to-day.

To judge by the books that we read, one would say we were living in a time which has no longer any need of government, or had already found the magic formula of perfect government. Books like "The Future of

(Continued on page 946.)



A TREASURE ACQUIRED FOR THE UNITED STATES WHICH WAS LOST FROM THE MIDDLE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY UNTIL 1876: RAPHAEL'S "MADONNA DI SIENA."

It was reported from New York the other day that Raphael's "Madonna di Siena" had been bought by a group of Americans from an agent abroad, that it might be re-sold in that country. It is valued at £150,000. The price actually given is a secret at the moment. The work, which was designed as an altar-piece for a church in Siena, dates from 1508, and is 5½ feet by 4 feet. From the middle of the sixteenth century until 1876 it was lost. Then Professor Friedrich Steinchen found it in St. Petersburg, bought it, and lent it to the Imperial Museum, where it was to be seen for some twenty years. Its later history has not been given.

war destroyed enormous riches, at the same time it gave such an impetus to production that the economic balance was not slow to re-establish itself. After the years of peace we have even returned to abundance of cereals and to the low price of corn which had been one of the benefits which the world enjoyed between 1890 and 1914.

Misery is not the great danger that menaces the world to-day. The real difficulty lies elsewhere. We can realise this easily after ten years of peace. If the economic difficulties created by the war are solved, or in process of being solved, the same cannot be said of the political problem. Here Europe is up against difficulties before which her riches, her strength, and her activity appear to be powerless. Before 1914 we grumbled a great deal about the Governments under which we were forced to live. For the past ten years we realise better each twelvemonth how happy we then were without knowing it!





THE STATE DINING-ROOM AT THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, THE OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF THE U.S. PRESIDENT: THE TABLE LAID FOR A PRIVATE DINNER.



IN THE REPUBLICAN LAND WHICH PRODUCED "THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE": THE PRESIDENT'S BREAKFAST ROOM AT THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON.



THE MOST IMPORTANT APARTMENT IN THE WHITE HOUSE: THE CABINET ROOM, WHERE STATE AFFAIRS ARE DISCUSSED AMID SURROUNDINGS OF SEVERE SIMPLICITY.

## WHERE PRESIDENT HOOVER WILL RESIDE: "INTERIORS" AT THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON.



WHERE THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES AND HIS WIFE STAND TO SHAKE HANDS WITH VISITORS ON RECEPTION DAYS: THE RED ROOM AT THE WHITE HOUSE.



WITH AN AIR OF OLD-FASHIONED COMFORT: A BEDROOM IN THE SOUTH-EAST CORNER OF THE WHITE HOUSE, SHOWING A "FOUR-POSTER," WASH-STAND, AND OPEN FIREPLACE.



WITH A "STAR-SPANGLED BANNER" OF UNFAMILIAR TYPE (ON THE END WALL): THE PRESIDENT'S LIBRARY.

The corner stone of the White House, the official residence of the President of the United States, was laid by George Washington himself, and the house was first occupied in 1800 by John Adams, the second President (1797-1801). The White House is a fine building in the English Renaissance style, but it is now too small for the official and social needs of a great nation's chief. In a past issue of "Our Country and Its Resources" ("Scientific American" series), we read: "It is beautiful with the beauty of simplicity. Designed by James Hoban from the home of the Duke of Leinster near Dublin, it has architecturally satisfying lines, and the great portico with Ionic columns is not unimpressive. Moreover, the house is modernised inside, and has, of course, all conveniences of light, heat, and ventilation. . . . But the fact

*(Continued opposite.)*



DESIGNED FROM THE DUKE OF LEINSTER'S HOME, AND ARCHITECTURALLY BEAUTIFUL, BUT TOO SMALL FOR ITS PURPOSE: THE WHITE HOUSE—THE MAIN ENTRANCE CORRIDOR.

*(continued.)*  
remains that it is a relic of an age when the Government of the United States was on trial, when the tide which receded from the pomp and royalty of the Mother Country ran far up on the shores of simplicity and plain living, and that it is out of all keeping with the wonderful buildings constructed for the Government. . . . The White House is open to visitors at certain times, and anyone can see the President who has a real reason for wanting to see him. But he is well guarded from annoyance or the mere seeker for sensation."



# SKETCHES MADE ABOARD THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN" DURING HER ATLANTIC FLIGHTS.

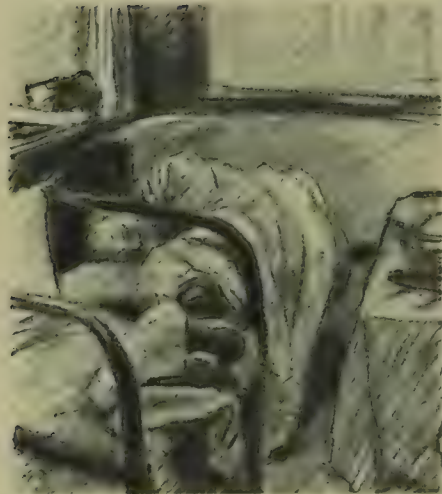
Drawings Made on Board the "Graf Zeppelin," During her Atlantic Flights, by Theo Matejko. (Copyright.)



AFTER EXHAUSTING WORK IN THE CREW'S QUARTERS:  
TWO OF THE MEN TAKING A NAP.



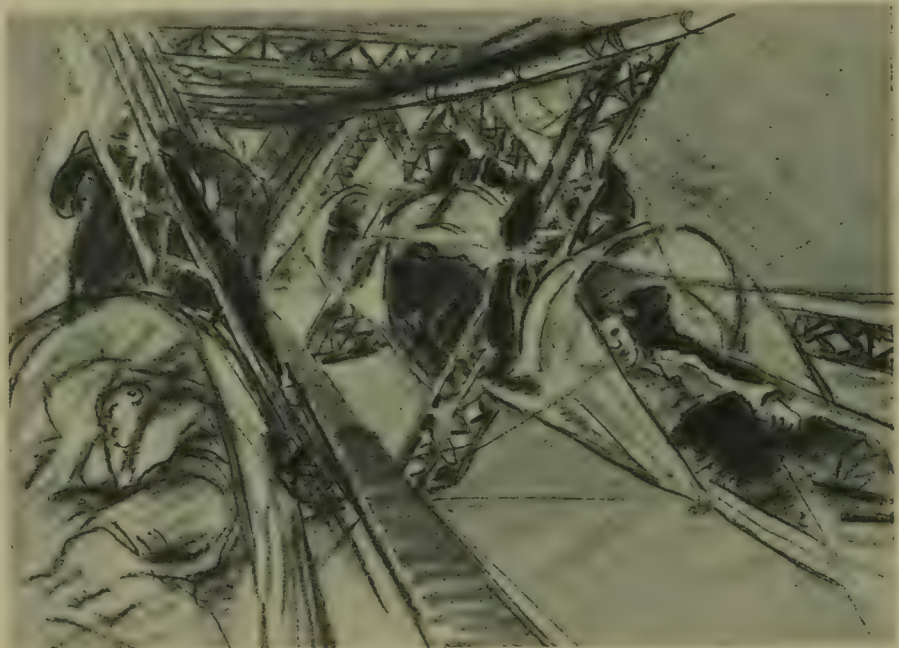
MY CABIN COMPANION DURING A HEAT WAVE:  
A SKETCH MADE OVER THE STRAITS OF GIBRALTAR  
ON THE OUTWARD FLIGHT.



THE  
"STOWAWAY"  
ASLEEP ON THE  
RETURN FLIGHT:  
THE YOUNG  
AMERICAN,  
CLARENCE  
TERHUNE,  
IN HIS BUNK.



A NEWSPAPER REPORTER AT WORK IN HIS CABIN:  
HERR WILHELM SCHULZE, NEW YORK REPRESENTATIVE  
OF THE ULLSTEIN FIRM.



MEMBERS OF THE CREW OF THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN" ASLEEP IN THEIR BUNKS  
ON EITHER SIDE THE GANGWAY: AN INTERESTING GLIMPSE INTO THE CONDITIONS  
OF AIRSHIP LIFE.



WITH THE AIRSHIP'S "MASCOT," A LITTLE RED CHOW PUPPY PRESENTED IN AMERICA: KNUD ECKENER (L.) AND STEUERMAN SAMT DURING THE RETURN FLIGHT.



THE PRUSSIAN MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR WRITING HIS IMPRESSIONS DURING THE FLIGHT:  
HERR GRZESINSKI ABOARD THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN."

Vivid impressions of life aboard the "Graf Zeppelin" during her Atlantic flights, and of her narrow escape from disaster on the outward journey, from a passenger's point of view, are given by M. Theo Matejko, the artist who made the above drawings. "We are now," he writes, "In mid-ocean. . . . The water is as smooth as glass; above us is the clear sky, and only on the far horizon are clouds, which look like a giant wreath. . . . I noticed, however, that the clouds had strangely livid edges. . . . I went to the pilot's car in order to be able to see straight ahead. Nothing but livid vapour could be seen around. The serious look on

the pilot's face prevented me from asking questions. While I was going back to my coffee, a slight vibration shook the airship. I sat down, but had to jump up again as I was tipped backwards. It seemed as though we were on a violently descending lift at the same time revolving on its axis. The wall in front of me rose higher and higher—I could hardly stand upright. Instinctively I clutched hold of the small table, while all the crockery fell on me. There was a great crash from the other tables of broken cups and plates. I clutched frantically to try and keep our table upright. . . . Only the distant dull thud

(Continued opposite.)



# DRAWN BY AN ARTIST IN THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN": THE NARROW ESCAPE.

DRAWINGS MADE ON BOARD THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN," DURING THE OUTWARD ATLANTIC FLIGHT, BY THEO MATEJKO. (COPYRIGHT).



THE MOST EXCITING EPISODE OF THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN'S" OUTWARD FLIGHT ACROSS THE ATLANTIC FROM GERMANY TO THE UNITED STATES: THE HAZARDOUS WORK OF REPAIRING THE TAIL-FIN COVER TORN BY A SQUALL—TWO MEN ON OPEN FRAMEWORK AS THE AIRSHIP PLUNGED THROUGH A STORM, WITH THE SEA 1500 FT. BELOW.



HEROES OF THE OUTWARD FLIGHT: KNUD ECKENER (SON OF DR. ECKENER, THE COMMANDER) AND HIS FRIEND, SAMT, ENGAGED IN THEIR PERILOUS FIVE-HOURS TASK OF PATCHING THE RENT COVER OF A TAIL-FIN DURING A STORM OVER THE ATLANTIC.

of the motors and the whistling storm could be heard. . . . We looked at each other with anxious eyes. Could the airship not be raised any more? A few more seconds and her nose would be in the water. . . . At last, very slowly, the pressure was effective, and the ship moved upwards gradually but unmistakably; then she resumed a straight position, and everything, including the passengers, was thrown into the opposite corners. This occurred several times. At last someone spoke—in English: it was Lady Drummond-Hay. There was a laugh. The dreadful strain was broken. . . . Dr. Eckener appears and sits down.



VERY NEAR TO DISASTER: THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN" PLUNGING DOWNWARD TOWARDS THE SEA AFTER HAVING BEEN STRUCK BY A VERTICAL SQUALL ON THE MORNING OF OCTOBER 13—THE POSITION JUST BEFORE SHE ROSE TO SAFETY.

We surround him and hang on his words anxiously. He starts speaking slowly: 'Gentlemen, there is no danger; that is to say, the danger is over. A vertical squall has done us considerable damage. The enormous pressure of the squall tore the left stabilising fin, and we are now therefore being driven by only half the normal power; but we are trying to mend the damage. I have wirelessed the American Marine Department to send a fast torpedo-boat.' I calculated in my own mind that the fastest torpedo-boat would not be able to reach us in less than fifty hours."



# The "Maritime Affection" of the Masters.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"OLD SEA PAINTINGS": By E. KEBLE CHATTERTON.\*

PUBLISHED BY JOHN LANE. (SEE COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS OPPOSITE.)

"STICK to your desk and never go to sea," and you may be "ruler of the Queen's Navee," but assuredly you will not be a marine painter to be remembered. Time, the vellum, the panel, the canvas, and the card have proved it to the nth. The confined studio-worker, the aper of others more errant, may turn out pieces fit for the hall walls of the lubber, but he will seldom do more than excite the ribaldry of the expert, whether he be naval man, merchant skipper, or yachtsman.

The craftsmen of long ago, the ancient Egyptians and the Greeks, were content with conventions. They might

draughtsmanship, yet taking no delight in the sea for its own sake."

De Velde senior was witness to the potency of direct impression. "Born, almost within sound of the North Sea, at Leyden, during the year 1610, he became a sailor in early life. . . . The Anglo-Dutch wars began. Van de Velde had a Government yacht placed at his disposal to witness and make sketches of the sea-fights, thus becoming the first war artist to gather first-hand information." The son was more indebted to the atelier, although, after migrating from Amsterdam, he settled at Greenwich. As a result, no doubt, it is now written: "Whilst these vessels are done with all the detail that we should find in a perfectly rigged model, van de Velde has treated the waves as if they were oak leaves; and the fact is that he would have omitted the sea altogether if he could. To him it presented no worth-while personality, but was merely a convenient and necessary background."

Then imagine Turner. "One might ask the question as to whether there ever was an English marine school before Turner. Strictly speaking, there was not, so long as our technicians were merely repeating over and over again the traditional Dutch 'calms with shipping.' . . . Turner's great contribution lay in defying all conventionality, all precedents, in giving to seas and ships (their atmosphere as well) a descriptive commentary and explanation such as no one had ever attempted previously. . . . His interest in the sea was rivalled only by his vast knowledge of ships. . . . What the country village was to Gainsborough, the Thames was to Turner. Instead of trees there were masts; instead of placid pools there was the busy Pool of London, with its vessels and craft. Wapping and Greenwich, ship-visiting, trips aboard with watermen, long yarns with sailors, rambles round Deptford, always with eyes and ears open, were the conditions under

which Turner's maritime affection as a boy became enthused." Nor was Turner alone, although he pioneered.

"The most satisfying pictures of ships and the sea have been created either by professional mariners or by those who have gone afloat in yachts, or have deliberately set out over and over again in all weathers and in all manner of craft." Of such was the seventeenth-century Backhuysen: "He knew his fishermen and they knew him; for did he not hire them to take him afloat in the vilest weather?" As a consequence, it may be said, Peter the Great visited him for lessons in drawing.

Of such also, most emphatically, was Dominique Serres. "He was born in 1722 at Auch, in Gascony, ran away to sea, and stuck to this as a career until he became master of a trading vessel. When he was thirty there came the great crisis of his life, for his ship and himself were captured and brought to England. He now did as so many sailors have done in the past: he resolved to 'let the sea alone' and take to art. . . . Dominique Serres began to express in paint what he had been accustomed to see afloat, and so thoroughly did he succeed that he soon acquired a high reputation." Of such, again, was Nicholas Pocock (1741-1821), "and the value of his work is as high as it is because he was a sailor before he became a painter. . . . Pocock came of a merchant family and himself was master of a Bristol vessel, but during his long voyages he amused himself by making numerous sketches. Finally, he gave up his seafaring career, devoted himself entirely to art, won the favourable notice of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and in 1782 began exhibiting at the Royal Academy. Seven years later he took up residence in London, when he was kept busy depicting the naval battles of the period."

The honour of mention is due, too, to Richard Paton,

who lived afloat; to John Cleveley, who was raised in Deptford Dockyard; to William Anderson, shipwright; and to Thomas Yates, the temperamental Lieutenant, R.N. "The 'Capture of Sans Culotte by Blanche' on Dec. 30, 1793, was one of those episodes during the war of the French Revolution, 1793-1801. The former was a 22-gun ship, whilst the British vessel was a 32, under the command of Captain C. Parker. The picture . . . is unique as being the work of a British naval officer."

As to Henry Moore, whose period is defined by 1831-1895: In Moore the English school of sea painting, in its literal sense, reaches its highest attainment. . . . No one has ever paid more whole-hearted attention to the moods of the English Channel, which he depicted with amazing thoroughness and sympathy. He achieved his results, firstly, by many years of cruising thereon, up and down the coast; and, secondly, by his ability to set down his impressions with great rapidity. . . . Well can we appreciate the reason for those translucent waters in Moore's pictures as we see him wrapped up in rugs on deck studying and noting the relations between wind of gale force and a tidal sea. It cost him effort, it gave him rheumatism, but it won for him personal satisfaction and (somewhat late in his career) recognition from the Royal Academy."

Then: Napier Hemy—Hemy, whose life was "pivoted" on the sea, who "used to cruise about in a yacht that was a floating studio. . . . People used to laugh at those great glass windows, but Hemy was right and he knew that the only way to paint the sea was from the sea itself."

Not all Masters, these, perhaps; but realists, and, as our author would have it, satisfying. "The sea takes on entirely different personalities according to the position from which you regard it. Seen from the beach it is just a series of monotonous breakers bursting. Seen from mid-Channel it is again different as viewed from a Deal galley or a Revenue cutter. Seen from mid-Atlantic the waves are different according to whether they be considered from the lower deck of a frigate or the mast-head of a three-decker. Everyone in these modern days who has tried to photograph a big following sea well knows that the camera never succeeds: it always underrates the waves' height. If an artist travelling to America wants to paint an Atlantic gale, he . . . must go right down till he is not higher than the sea-level."

That is the secret, the sea-level.

So much for a single point—a vital point—in "Old Sea Paintings." It will serve to call attention to a most excellent, most thorough, and most entertaining book; a book, moreover, that is as finely as it is fully illustrated—mainly from the remarkable Macpherson Collection, now the property of the nation, and at the moment to be seen in part at the Guildhall Art Gallery. "Those two exquisite arts of painting and seafaring" could not have been



BY WILLIAM VAN DE VELDE THE YOUNGER; AND SHOWING HIS CONVENTIONAL WAVES: "DUTCH SHIPPING IN 1654."—PAINTED EN GRISAILLE. The picture shows William van de Velde "de Jonge" as a veritable master of ship's draughtsmanship, "yet taking no delight in the sea for its own sake. . . . Van de Velde has treated the waves as if they were oak leaves; and the fact is that he would have omitted the sea altogether if he could. . . . The picture before us was once in the possession of the Pepys family."

Illustrations Reproduced from "Old Sea Paintings," by E. Keble Chatterton, by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. John Lane, the Bodley Head.

portray the vessel with art and accuracy, if with contempt for true perspective, but when it came to daring the elements to strife they avoided the natural brazenly and unashamedly and perpetuated the "strip of blue with zig-zag black lines," or waves with "no more character than the furrows of a ploughed field." The mediaevalists, the miniaturists of the illuminated manuscripts, made mild endeavour to attain correctness of form and movement, but their "gold" was decoration rather than the factual and their achievement often a standard ship upon a standard ocean. Even van Eyck—if, indeed, he was the illustrator of that famous "Tres Belles Heures de Notre Dame" that was burnt at Turin—even van Eyck, preserving for a charmed posterity an open boat with a sprit lugsail, as seen every day on the Maas, failed to do more than suggest ripples when giving to the fifteenth century the "first true marine picture. (as distinct from mere ship paintings) of which we have any record."

It remained for the Renaissance at the height of its glory to awaken to "a desire to know and find out," and, at least, seek something freer than the sketch inherited by easel from easel. Yet "there was no English artist competent enough to paint pictures in commemoration of the Spanish Armada campaign." The Continental masters—especially, of course, those of Holland—were far ahead of us. "In the celebrated Hampton Court Palace painting which is supposed to represent 'The Embarkation of Henry VIII. from Dover in 1520,' and has been attributed as the work of Holbein, we certainly get one of the very earliest attempts at showing English ships in a genuine marine setting. The water resembles nothing so much as wool, but the high-charged war-ships and the buildings do have the appearance of what they pretend to be. Occasionally we come across a rough sketch in a manuscript, such as that which is still preserved in the Public Records Office, and shows an impression sent home by an English spy of a Spanish treasure frigate about the year 1590. But, otherwise, we have to wait till the Flemish and Dutch engravers came along with their maps and charts which contained some ship or ships sailing along the outlined coast."

In other words, we owe our marine art chiefly to the van de Veldes: to William the elder, "father of modern sea-painting" and "painter of sea-fights to their Majesties King Charles II. and King James II.," and to William "de Jonge," who practised with him, putting into colours his father's "draughts," "a veritable master of ship-



INCLUDING "A PRETTY ACCURATE RELATION OF A SMALL MAN-OF-WAR" CORRESPONDING TO AN EXISTING SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY MODEL OWNED BY THE EARL OF SANDWICH: "ENGLISH YACHT AND DUTCH SLOOPS"—PAINTED BY AN UNIDENTIFIED ARTIST.

This seventeenth-century picture gave a very good idea of the gilt, ornate sterns and quarters characteristic of the period. "Such an armed vessel was a unit of the English Navy, and the jack flying from the staff at the bowsprit-end is noticed not merely in other paintings but in eighteenth-century prints. The naval pennant flying from the masthead of this cutter is also in accordance with contemporary practice."

better discussed; even Emerson would have agreed—and it was he who said: "I find the sea-life an acquired taste, like that for tomatoes and olives." Not a worthy artist has been ignored, not a characteristic picture; and, as to the seafaring, that is there in all its limned fascination; with all its fears, with all its fantasy, all its elusiveness. There were those marine painters who were, "so to speak, tearing pages from their diaries for their descendants to consider": Mr. Keble Chatterton is a Pepys amongst the students of the sea. And so to read!

E. H. G.

\* "Old Sea Paintings: The Story of Maritime Art as Depicted by the Great Masters." By E. Keble Chatterton. With Fifteen Illustrations in Colour and Ninety-Five in Black and White, Mainly from the Macpherson Collection. (John Lane, The Bodley Head; £2 2s. net.—A Limited Edition of 100 Copies at £5 5s. net.)



# The Nation's New Treasures of Marine Art: Old Sea Paintings.

REPRODUCED FROM "OLD SEA PAINTINGS." BY E. KEBLE CHATTERTON. WITH FIFTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOUR AND NINETY-FIVE IN BLACK AND WHITE MAINLY FROM THE MACPHERSON COLLECTION. BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD, LTD. (SEE REVIEW ON ANOTHER PAGE.)

The great Macpherson Collection of marine paintings and prints (valued at £138,000), from which come all but two of the illustrations in Mr. Keble Chatterton's book, has been acquired for the nation through the munificence of Sir James Caird. Part of it was lately placed on exhibition at the Guildhall Art Gallery. The capture of the 22-gun "Sans Culotte" by the 32-gun "Blanche" occurred on December 30, 1793. "The picture," writes Mr. Chatterton, "is not a great work of art. . . . It is, however, unique as being the work of a British naval officer." Thomas Yates was the husband of the famous actress Mrs. Yates.



"CAPTURE OF THE 'SANS CULOTTE' BY H.M.S. 'BLANCHE,' 1793"  
BY LIEUTENANT THOMAS YATES, R.N.: A PICTURE UNIQUE AS THE  
WORK OF A BRITISH NAVAL OFFICER.



"JONAH AND THE WHALE," ATTRIBUTED TO H. C. VROOM :  
SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY SHIPPING IN HEAVY WEATHER, WITH  
THE WHALE ALONGSIDE THE VESSEL IN THE CENTRE.

"Peter Monamy," says Mr. Keble Chatterton, "is the finest instance of the van de Velde tradition being accepted and perpetuated by an uninquiring mind. He was a native of Jersey. . . . Born about 1670 of poor parents, he was sent across to London, where he was apprenticed to a house-painter who had his place on London Bridge. . . . His vessels are drawn with knowledge ; his technical ability as an artist was high. His colouring is delightful, and he was a careful painter ; yet there is sometimes a tameness and lack of vigour, as will be observed from that which is here reproduced in colour. Immediately we recognise the van de Velde-like calm with the sails hanging limp, the pennant straight up and down. With true conventional style the warship is firing a salute, just because the famous Dutch master used to have this in his paintings too. Not much can be said in favour of the cutter at the left of the foreground, and in general this sample shows all Monamy's limitations."



"AN ENGLISH MAN-OF-WAR SALUTING": A PAINTING  
BY PETER MONAMY, OR PIERRE MONEMIE (1670-1749) —  
A DISCIPLE OF VAN DE VELDE.

"We now come (writes Mr. Keble Chatterton of the adjoining picture) to the first of the new school which has all but shaken off its shackles of conventionality. The subject shows the Jonah episode treated freshly with genuine ships of the latest date. . . . The artist knew his job, and understood the rigging and handling of vessels. Except in later prints of the seventeenth century it is rare to find this seabird's-eye view of the ship's decks ; and no casual, ill-informed painter would have chosen this angle to confess his ignorance. The ship proportions are right, the standing gear is correct, the belly of the canvas is true to life : in short, the painter has (except for the waves) succeeded wholly. . . . This oval, painted on panel, has been attributed to Hendrik Cornelisz Vroom, whilst, on the other hand, it has been claimed as the work of Adam Willaerts. The former lived from 1566 to 1640, and the latter from 1577 to about 1662 or 1666." Mr. Chatterton favours Vroom, who, he tells us, ran away to sea as a boy and thus had practical experience of ships. He was commissioned by Lord Howard of Effingham to design panels for tapestries that were intended to commemorate the conquest of the Spanish Armada.



# South Africa, Land of Flowers: Blue Skies and Spring-Time at the Cape during England's Autumn.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. ELLIOTT.



IXIAS AND GOUSBLOEM ON THE CAPE FLATS: A TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF THE WEALTH OF WILD FLOWERS THAT CARPET THE VALLEYS AND MOUNTAIN SLOPES OF SOUTH AFRICA.



SOUTH AFRICAN FLOWERS NOW IMPORTED INTO GREAT BRITAIN AS A DELIGHTFUL FLORAL DECORATION FOR CHRISTMAS TABLES: THE HARDY BUT GRACEFUL CHINCHINCHES.



WATSONIAS AND ARUM LILIES UNDER TABLE MOUNTAIN: FLOWER GLORIES OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN SPRING, THAT SYNCHRONISES WITH OUR DEAR NORTHERN AUTUMN.

For those who are fortunate enough to be able to winter abroad, it is an attractive thought that with the approach of the cold grey weather in Northern latitudes, springtime—with all its radiant freshness and floral beauty—is at hand in Southern lands. On this page we reproduce a series of delightful studies depicting the coming-in of spring at the Cape, which at this season is a glorious garden. South Africa is justly famed for its wild flowers, which literally carpet the valleys and mountain sides, particularly in that beautiful region between the Hex River Mountains and the Cape Peninsula coast. A happy feature of springtime at Cape Town is the street flower market, where these blooms are massed for sale, and readers will recall the



ALMOND AND PEACH BLOSSOMS IN A CAPE ORCHARD: SPRINGTIME DELIGHTS IN SOUTH AFRICA, WITH ITS BEAUTIFUL FLORA ENHANCED BY MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

Parade of the Flower-Sellers recently illustrated in colour in this paper. The floral season in South Africa is accompanied by clear blue skies and bright sunny weather, characteristic of the Southern summer from October to the end of April; but the beauty of the flora is enhanced by rugged mountain scenery, and often by the delightful proximity of blue seas, with warm sea-bathing and other attractions. It is this natural wealth of scenery and ideal summer weather which has made South Africa a favourite winter holiday ground, and it may be helpful to our readers to know that information concerning travel to this Dominion can be readily obtained from the Director of Publicity, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2.





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# PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**MADRE CONCEPCION AVEDDO Y DE LA LLATA.**

The nun accused of being the "intellectual author" of the murder of General Obregon, President-elect of Mexico. Sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment. To appeal.

**JOSÉ DE LÉON TORAL.**

The confessed murderer of General Obregon, President-elect of Mexico. Sentenced to death by shooting. Had fifteen days in which to lodge an appeal.

**SIGNOR MATTIA BATTISTINI.**

The finest Italian baritone of his day. Born in Rome on February 27, 1857, and died at Rieti on November 8. Made his first appearance in Rome fifty years ago; and first visited London in 1883. Gave vocal recitals at the Queen's Hall as recently as 1922-23.

**A GREAT RACEHORSE TRAINER: THE LATE MR. P. P. GILPIN.**

Mr. Percy Purcell Gilpin, who died on November 9, was one of the most famous trainers who have made history on the Turf. He was responsible for such racehorses as Pretty Polly, Spearmint, Spion Kop, and St. Louis. He was taken ill about a year ago. He was seventy. His elder son, Mr. Victor Gilpin, married the daughter of Lord Ernle; and his younger, Mr. G. P. Gilpin, the Hon. Mary Beaumont, daughter of the late Viscount Allendale.



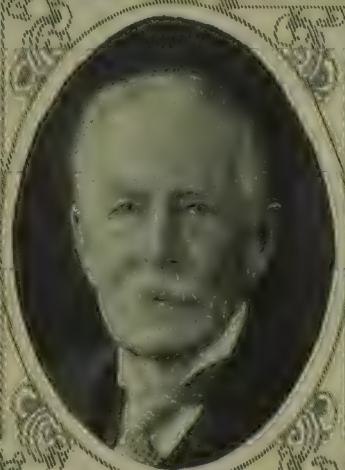
**LORD BYNG OF VIMY AS COMMISSIONER OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE.**

Lord Byng, the new Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, took over his duties at Scotland Yard on November 8. He reached there soon after ten in the morning, after he had been sworn in by the Lord Chancellor, at the House of Lords.



**THE GOLDEN WEDDING OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, WHO RETIRED ON NOVEMBER 12, AND HAS BECOME A PEER: LORD AND LADY DAVIDSON OF LAMBETH.**

Dr. Randall Davidson has taken his seat in the House of Lords as Baron Davidson of Lambeth. He celebrated his golden wedding on November 12, the day of his retirement. He received a large number of gifts, including a gold rose-bowl from the King and Queen, a cheque for £14,500 from many thousands of subscribers, and a gold casket containing a draft for 10,000 dollars from the Episcopal Church in America. Some £2000 collected as a part of the major gift are to be used for the provision of a suitable memorial at Lambeth Palace.



**THE HON. SIR EDWARD THESIGER.**

(Born, Dec. 19, 1842; died, Nov. 11.) For over fifty years an official of the House of Lords, where, finally, he was Clerk Assistant of the Parliaments.



**LIEUT. G. H. B. MADOCKS.**

Killed while flying at Brooklands Aerodrome on November 9. Only surviving son of Brigadier-General W. R. N. Madocks. Was in the Coldstream Guards. See photograph on page 927.

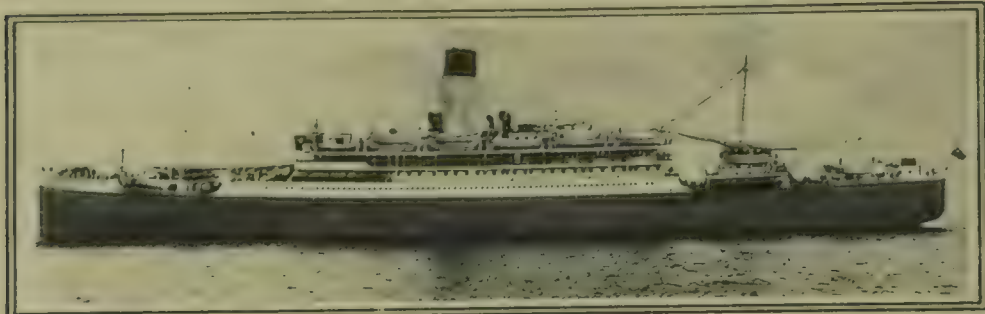


**SIR NESTOR TIRARD.**

(Born, September 23, 1853; died November 10.) Distinguished physician. Did much good work as a member of the General Medical Council. In the war, a Lieut.-Colonel. R.A.M.C.



## FROM FAR AND NEAR: NEWS ITEMS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



**ABANDONED OFF VIRGINIA CAPES IN A SINKING CONDITION: THE LINER "VESTRI," WHICH WAS BOUND FROM NEW YORK TO RIVER PLATE PORTS.**

It was announced from New York that the Lamport and Holt liner "Vestris," bound from New York to Barbados, Rio de Janeiro, and Buenos Aires, sprang a leak in a storm on the night of November 11, and was abandoned in a sinking condition on November 12. There were 140 passengers and 210 crew aboard. The wireless distress-signals hurried vessels to the scene; and at the moment of writing, the majority of the ship's boats and rafts have been found.



**JOHANNESBURG IN STRANGE GARB: A STREET THICKLY CARPETED WITH HAIL AFTER THE SEVERE STORM OF OCTOBER 19.**

Here, surely, is one of the most unusual photographs ever taken of Johannesburg, the City of Gold. On October 19th last, the place was visited by a storm of exceptional severity, and a considerable amount of damage was done. The thickness of the carpet of hailstones that covered the streets can be seen well in our picture, which has just reached this country.



**A BATH WITH WAVES! THE TEUTONIC THOROUGHNESS OF A SWIMMING-POOL IN THE LUNA PARK, BERLIN—A "HIGH SEA" RUNNING!**

Devoted as he is to the sun-bath, which he takes at every opportunity, and with a more or less engaging frankness when he is in the open, the German revels also in sea-bathing and river-bathing. Now, as our photograph shows very well, he—with his wife and his family to bear him company—is able to face the waves in a swimming pool in the Luna Park of Berlin! What more can ingenuity do?



**SOLD FOR £4200 AT THE SALE OF THE SIR HERCULES READ COLLECTION: A VERY RARE PANEL OF EARLY FIFTEENTH-CENTURY TAPESTRY.**

This very rare panel of tapestry, which fetched £4200 at Sotheby's on November 9, dates from the early fifteenth century; is 48 by 36 inches; and represents the Holy Trinity with four saints, in colours on dark blue. It is thought to be English. It has been shown at the Society of Antiquaries, at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, and at the Exhibition of English Primitives at the Royal Academy.



**THE DAUGHTERS OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN IN THE HUNTING FIELD IN THIS COUNTRY: THE INFANTA MARIA CHRISTINA, THE INFANTA BEATRICE, AND VISCOUNTESS EDNAM (LEFT TO RIGHT) WITH THE ALBRIGHTON.**

The Queen of Spain and her daughters have been kept very busy during their visit to this country. Not only have they been taking their usual interest in charitable affairs, but they have been to a number of entertainments and to theatres, including (so far as the Princesses are concerned) the new Empire, and the League of Mercy matinee, which "featured" the pageant of "The Seven Ages of Woman." During a stay at Viscountess Ednam's, the Infantas were out with the Albrighton when they met at Trysall Manor. Princess Beatrice, it may be added, was born in June, 1909, and Princess Maria Christina, in December, 1911. Lady Ednam is the wife of the Earl of Dudley's eldest son, and was Lady Rosemary Millicent Sutherland-Leveson-Gower, daughter of the fourth Duke of Sutherland. Master William Ward was born in 1920.



**THE QUEEN OF SPAIN AT A MEET OF THE ALBRIGHTON: HER MAJESTY WITH THE HON. WILLIAM WARD, LADY EDNAM'S ELDEST SON.**



THE CAMERA AS RECORDER:  
NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



THE FATAL "CRASH" BEFORE THE FIRST MEETING OF THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE FLYING CLUB: ATTENDING LT. MADOCKS AS HE LAY BESIDE HIS WRECKED MACHINE. The first meeting of the Household Brigade Flying Club, at Brooklands on November 9, was marred by a fatal accident before it began. Lt. G. H. B. Madocks had just arrived at the aerodrome when his single-seater got into a spin and crashed. The pilot died in hospital. His brother, Kenneth, was killed in that motoring accident in which Lord Trematon was injured fatally.



THE CASE OF THE AIRMEN MISSING FOR THIRTY HOURS AND FOUND DEAD ON THE MOORS: THE WRECKED MACHINE AS DISCOVERED BY SEARCHERS. Pilot-Officer Charles Lilburn Myers and Aircraftsman Henry Chadwick, who flew from Catterick Aerodrome on November 6, to pick out points and take photographs, failed to return, and their bodies were found lying among the wreckage of their machine only after a thirty-hours' search had been made. They had "crashed" between Wensleydale and Swaledale.



THE SECOND PART OF THE PRINCE OF WALES'S TOUR: PAINTED WARRIORS OF THE 4000 WHO GAVE A SHAM FIGHT BEFORE H.R.H. AT KAMPALA, UGANDA. The Prince of Wales entered Kampala at nine in the morning on October 17, and, after having received addresses, motored to the Parliament House of the Kingdom of Buganda. There he was officially welcomed by the Kabaka, who spoke in perfect English. Later, he walked to a grand-stand facing a valley, to witness a sham fight by warriors from all parts of the country.



WELCOMING THE PRINCE AT KAMPALA: NATIVE NURSES AND OTHER WOMEN WHO GREETED THE PRINCE WHEN HE WAS VISITING HOSPITALS, SCHOOLS, AND MISSIONS. This was preceded by a march-past. Each of the two generals who were in this had women with him bearing calabashes of beer for his refreshment; and with them were executioners carrying burning touchwood for the branding of cowards! His Royal Highness afterwards inspected the tomb of Mtesa, and mission stations, schools, and hospitals of the vicinity.



THE GIANTS OF THE GUILDHALL IN THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW: GOG AND MAGOG (OR CORINEUS AND GOGMAGOG) AS SEEN IN THE PROCESSION, WITH ROLLING EYES AND WAGGLING LEGS! The Lord Mayor's Show was notable this year in that included in it were representations of the famous figures of Gog and Magog which are a wonder of the Guildhall. In the programme these were described as follows: "Gog and Magog. (Or Corineus and Gogmagog.) These copies of the well-known figures in Guildhall have been made entirely by students of the Polytechnic School of Art, under the direction of Mr. H. Brownsword, the modelling master. They are slightly larger



THE NEW LORD MAYOR OF THE CITY OF LONDON: SIR KYNASTON STUDD AT THE WINDOW OF THE FAMOUS COACH. than the Guildhall figures, but otherwise are accurate copies." As they were drawn along, wagging their legs and rolling their eyes, they had the success of their lives! The originals, by the way, were burned in the Great Fire of 1666, and new giants were set up in their place in 1708. There is mention of Gog and Magog in the Revelation; while there is reference to Magog in Genesis, as a son of Japheth; and to Gog, Prince of Magog, in Ezekiel.



## THE FORBIDDEN CITY'S LAST SECRET REVEALED: THE T'AI MIAO—UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPHS.



RECENTLY OPENED TO THE PUBLIC GAZE FOR THE FIRST TIME: THE PRIVATE SANCTUM OF THE SPIRITS OF MANCHU EMPERORS IN THE HALL OF GHOSTS AT PEKING—SHOWING SPIRIT TABLETS (IN THE BACKGROUND).

1

Since the Chinese Revolution of 1911, and the departure in 1924 of the young Emperor from the Forbidden City at Peking, its wonders have one by one been revealed. One section, however, the T'ai Miao, continued to deserve its second name of Tuan Men, or Closed Doors. Here were buildings sacred to the spirits of Manchu Emperors. Peking's new rulers, the Nationalist Government of Nanking, recently announced that the Hall of Ancestors would be opened to the public for three days, beginning on the mid-autumn festival, at a fee of 20 cents. Though it seemed doubtful whether even the Nationalists would not draw the line at photography within the sacred precincts, it was decided to attempt to secure what are possibly the first photographs ever taken of a spot surely unique. The enclosure consists of three courtyards. The main hall in the first court (Photograph 4) is a magnificent structure, over 200 ft. long. Inside, the dust is thick, but not thick enough to hide completely the wonderful colouring, blues and reds and gold, of ceilings and walls. The great pillars, some 4 ft. in diameter, of Siamese cranje wood, alone remain undecorated. The spirits to whom the great empty gilt chairs, cushioned in pale blue and gold brocade, are dedicated, are Manchus, every one of them. The last chair is that of the boy Emperor, Hs'uan Tung. In this building ceremonial worship of ancestors took place four times a year, and here the young Emperor doubtless

(Continued in Box 2.)



WHERE PAPER OFFERINGS THAT REPRESENTED MONEY, HORSES, HOUSES, AND FURNITURE WERE BURNED: A SACRIFICIAL OVEN, OF BRILLIANT YELLOW TILES WITH GREEN ROOF, IN THE T'AI MIAO AT PEKING.



A SACRED ENCLOSURE IN THE FORBIDDEN CITY AT PEKING HITHERTO QUITE INACCESSIBLE TO THE MOST INFLUENTIAL FOREIGNER: THE HALL OF GHOSTS—THE ENTRANCE COURTYARD.

2

made a last obeisance to the spirits of his ancestors before leaving the Forbidden City and seeking safety in the Legation Quarter. The main building in the second courtyard seems to be the private residential quarters of the spirits. Smaller and less ornate in design, it is divided into sections, one of which is illustrated in detail (Photograph 1). The impression conveyed by the inner recesses is that of bed-chambers, while the bundles to right and left of the bronze incense-burners may be presumed to contain clothes. The decorations are mainly in gold, though the brocades over the chairs in the foreground display exquisite, though faded, colours. Four chairs out of a group of five are shown in the photograph. The middle one is that of an Emperor, as shown by the dragon design of the brocade. The chairs on either side are those of his Empresses, the design being that of the phoenix. Only with two Emperors, K'ang Hsi (1662) and Tao Kuang (1821), are four Empresses honoured with seats. The niches at the back contain the Spirit Tablets of the various groups of generations. The whole enclosure dates from 1402, shortly after the transfer of the capital to Peking by the Mings. The buildings were practically destroyed by fire in 1436, and were restored and completed in their present form in 1456. What will be the future of this wonderful memorial to traditions which Young China seems so anxious to forget? On the marble terraces self-satisfied students, marvellously arrayed in "Oxford bags," and their bobbed-hair girls, lounge in wicker chairs and talk strange politics. The only survival of the past is the custodian. His long shining black queue, rare sight in China to-day, shows his loyalty to the great of old and his defiance, not only of fashion, but of very real danger from Kuomintang fanaticism. Gallant fellow, who in days when the mere word "Imperialism" can rouse a mob to frenzy, looks back upon the glory of his forefathers and dares to think Imperially.—J. M. B.



THE MAIN HALL IN THE FIRST COURT OF THE T'AI MIAO: A MAGNIFICENT STRUCTURE FORMERLY USED FOR CEREMONIAL WORSHIP OF ANCESTORS, WITH GILT CHAIRS DEDICATED TO THE SPIRITS OF MANCHU EMPERORS.



# BY THE "CANALETTO" OF THE CHIMNEY: "INDUSTRIAL LANDSCAPES."

REPRODUCTIONS OF THE PICTURES BY SIR CHARLES J. HOLMES, ON EXHIBITION AT MESSRS. COLNAGHI'S,  
NEW BOND STREET.



THE FACTORY CHIMNEY AS "A PHASE OF CIVILISATION NOW RAPIDLY PASSING AWAY": "WIGAN COAL COMPANY'S YARD."—BY SIR CHARLES J. HOLMES.



"FLOOR MILLS ON THE CANAL": A SUBJECT WORTHY OF THE ARTIST'S SKILL.



"CANAL OFFICES": ONE OF THE "INDUSTRIAL LANDSCAPES" DESTINED FOR SAMLESBURY HALL, BLACKBURN.



"THE MOST CHARACTERISTIC EXTERNAL FEATURE OF AN ENGLISH INDUSTRIAL TOWN . . . HAS UNDOUBTEDLY BEEN THE TALL CHIMNEY": "NEAR GREENWOOD'S MILL."

Under the title "Paintings for Samlesbury Hall, Blackburn, and Other Works," there is an unusual and most attractive exhibition at Colnaghi's just now—a show of paintings by Sir Charles J. Holmes, K.C.V.O., who may well be called the "Canaletto" of the Chimney! Samlesbury Hall, an ancient manor house midway between Blackburn and Preston, dates, in part, from the middle-

fourteenth century. It is now held by Trustees, in the interests of the public. Mr. T. B. Lewis, Chairman of the Trustees, writes in the catalogue: "Among the comparatively modern additions to the building is a detached room in which an artistic record of more recent times would not be out of place. Two reasons led me to desire a series of subjects from the town and neighbourhood of Blackburn. Some years ago

when I visited San Gimignano I was struck by the curious blindness which enables the British tourist to admire dutifully the pallid square stone erections of 'Saint Fina's town of the beautiful towers,' while the same tourist, in his native land, would denounce as hideous the rose-red brick chimneys and water towers of Lancashire. These pictures ought to do something to persuade all those who are prepared to use their own eyes that not only in the wild moorlands and pleasant pastures which surround the Lancashire towns, but also in those industrial towns themselves, an artist can find subjects worthy of his skill. . . . The second motive was to create a permanent artistic record of a phase of civilisation now rapidly passing away. . . . The most characteristic external feature of an English industrial town of the nineteenth and early twentieth century has undoubtedly been the tall chimney, but, owing to the recent development in the distribution of cheap electric current . . . the number of tall chimneys grows less. A tall chimney, when no longer in service, is not like a ruinous house, a mere futile occupier of space. It rapidly becomes a positive danger to its neighbours. Hence the useless tall chimney is deliberately felled."



TO CURE THE "BLINDNESS" OF THE BRITISH TOURIST: "MILL HILL AND DARWEN."—A PICTURE BY SIR CHARLES J. HOLMES.



## THE TENTH ARMISTICE DAY CELEBRATION: THE CENOTAPH,

## THE ABBEY, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, AND THE ALBERT HALL.



THE FAMOUS LONDON GENERAL MOTOR OMNIBUS, "OLD BILL," PAINTED WITH ITS BATTLE HONOURS ON THE FRONT AND SIDE. A HISTORIC WAR VEHICLE IN THE MARCH PAST THE CENOTAPH.



THE ARENA OF THE ALBERT HALL CROSSED BY A SAND-BAGGED COMMUNICATION-TRENCH, ALONG WHICH TROOPS IN WAR KIT PASSED: THE HALL PACKED FOR THE BRITISH LEGION REMEMBRANCE FESTIVAL, WITH THE ROYAL BOX (NOT YET OCCUPIED) ON EXTREME LEFT.



A NEW AND IMPRESSIVE FEATURE OF THE TENTH CELEBRATION OF ARMISTICE DAY IN LONDON: THE VAST GATHERING IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE FOR THE "CALL TO PEACE," SHOWING (FOREGROUND) PART OF THE MASSES BANDS OF THE WELSH AND IRISH GUARDS, (CENTRE) THE STATUE OF GORDON, AND (BACKGROUND) THE NATIONAL GALLERY.



ANOTHER NEW FORM OF COMMEMORATION THIS YEAR: A "GARDEN OF REMEMBRANCE" OUTSIDE THE ABBEY—"POPPIES" STREWN OR PLANTED AROUND A WOODEN CROSS—SHOWING ALSO A QUEUE OF PILGRIMS TO THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR'S TOMB.



THE WOODEN CROSS IN THE LITTLE "GARDEN OF REMEMBRANCE" FORMED OUTSIDE WESTMINSTER ABBEY: AN EX-SERVICE MAN FROM THE BRITISH LEGION POPPY FACTORY PLACING A POPPY BESIDE IT.



THE CENTRAL CEREMONY OF ARMISTICE DAY: THE KING LAYING HIS WREATH AT THE BASE OF THE CENOTAPH—SHOWING ALSO (IN THE GROUP BEHIND HIM TO THE RIGHT) THE DUKE OF YORK AND PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT, WITH INDIAN PRINCES; (AT THE WINDOW ABOVE THE HOME OFFICE DOOR) THE QUEEN AND OTHER ROYAL LADIES; (FACING THE CENOTAPH ALONG THE ROADSIDE BELOW) THE PRIME MINISTER AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE CABINET.

The tenth anniversary of the Armistice was observed as a sacred act of remembrance with perhaps even greater fervour than ever before, and the fact that November 11 fell on a Sunday enabled enormous numbers of the people to take part in the various ceremonies. The chief of all, of course, was that at the Cenotaph. His Majesty saluted the Memorial and placed at the base a large wreath of Flanders poppies, the first of a great number of similar tributes. After the Two Minutes' Silence, a short service was held, and the Benediction was pronounced by the Bishop of London. Then followed the March Past of the war, known as "Old Bill," decorated with its battle honours. This began the great annual pilgrimage to the Cenotaph, which continued all day and night. Equally impressive was the great pilgrimage to the Unknown Warrior's Tomb in Westminster Abbey, after the morning service. On a grass plot outside the Abbey some ex-Service men constructed a miniature "Garden of Remembrance." A wooden cross was set in the turf, and passers-by were invited to hand their

poppies to the disabled men, who reverently placed them in the soil. Another new feature of the day was a great gathering held in the afternoon in Trafalgar Square, organised by the Vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields as a "Call to Peace." Addresses were given by the Bishop of Southwark and the Rev. Pat McCormick, from the plinth of the Nelson Column; a vast crowd filled the square, and for half an hour before the meeting music was played by the massed bands of the Welsh and Irish Guards, who also accompanied the singing of hymns and concluded with the Hallelujah Chorus. In the evening another great celebration took place in the Albert Hall, namely, the British Legion Remembrance Festival, attended by the King and Queen and the Duke and Duchess of York. The floor of the Hall was divided down the centre by a realistic representation of a sand-bagged communication-trench leading to the platform, on which were sand-bagged dug-outs. Troops in full war kit passed along the trench and into the dug-outs during a scenic spectacle called "The March of the Trenches." The audience, including the royal party, joined heartily in popular war-time songs.



# The Scientific Side of the Detection of Crime.

No. XXII.—THE COMPOSITION OF INKS, PAPER, & PENCILS ; & THE CRIMINAL INVESTIGATOR.—Part I.\*

By H. ASHTON-WOLFE, Assistant Investigator under Dr. Georges Bérout, Director of the Marseilles Scientific Police Laboratories.

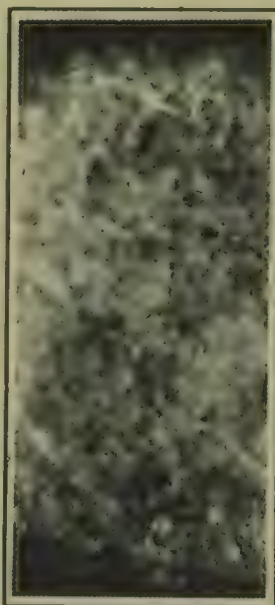
PRECISE science and specialised knowledge are at last replacing the methods of deduction to which such wide publicity has been given by writers, ancient and modern. The reasoner, who depended entirely upon the power and subtlety of his brain and perhaps upon a natural aptitude for solving riddles, is being dethroned by silent, efficient, unerring instruments wielded by a galaxy of savants who are proving, slowly but surely, that, although they may not be able to point an accusing finger at the guilty criminal (for that is the work of the detective), they can, at least, place such unquestionable proof and so many valuable clues at his disposal that his work, from haphazard, becomes methodical and certain. Thus, the experts not only ensure the rapid and efficient unravelling of a crime problem, but in time they will succeed in making a miscarriage of justice an exceedingly rare occurrence. The community will be protected by the laboratory experts from the criminal, and also from police, who sometimes, in their eagerness to punish a malefactor swiftly, and in their desire to stamp out crime altogether, may—and that is an inevitable consequence of their unceasing warfare against evildoers—deprive a guiltless citizen of his freedom for a time. The point has been raised lately—how far may the police go when questioning a man or a woman upon whom suspicion has fallen? That question is answered by the scientists. When they have given the police the results obtained in an investigation with microscopes, cameras, and chemical reactions, it is no longer a suspicion, but a certainty, that has none of the fallacies of human reasoning and deduction. If the laboratory report states, for instance, that a bullet was fired from a '38 calibre revolver, and if

are asked to report only on the results, carefully checked, which their instruments give them. Therefore, their decisions are absolutely impartial. They care little whether those reports prove a man's guilt or innocence, and are not interested in the number of convictions the police obtain.

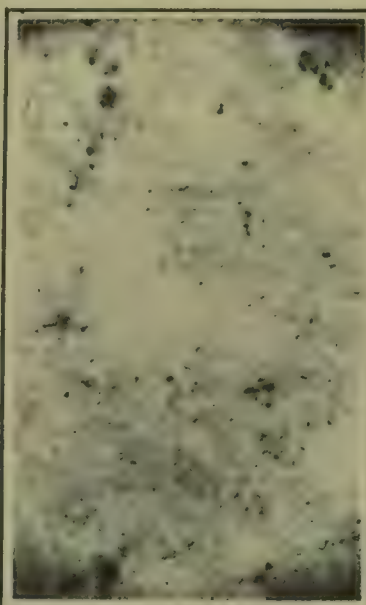
Of all the departments which specialise in only one branch of research, that which deals with a man's identity comes first. It includes the Bertillon measurements, finger-prints, foot-prints, and the

commercially, but which the criminals manufacture for various reasons, and which I propose to describe in the second part of this article, are noted and tabulated—inks that vanish after a few minutes or hours, and inks that leave no trace, but can be rendered visible by reactants. They have perfected methods by which a document, sodden with salt water, from which all writing has faded, can, nevertheless, be read; and they have examined, photographed, and classified every known make of pencil.

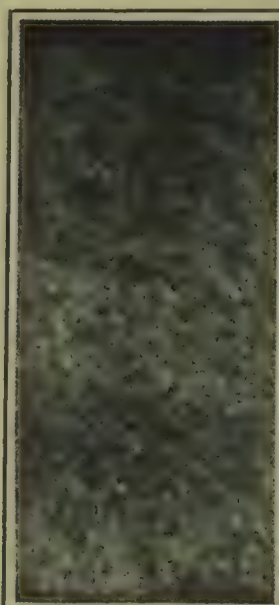
When one hears of letters, messages, or memorandums becoming valuable clues, one is tempted to visualise these as written with a pen. Generally, however, the criminal prefers a pencil; and upon the swift and certain identification of the kind of pencil used, a complex and difficult investigation may depend for its final link that will complete the chain of proof. Pen, paper, and pencil are the three enemies of criminals, be they thieves, black-mailers, or murderers. This department has evolved a means, even, whereby a letter, of which nothing but a burnt flake of ash is left in grate or stove, can be read; or, if that is impossible, the composition of the paper and the agent used for tracing the obliterated words can be determined. Handwriting identification is work which the scientist dislikes intensely. It has been established long ago that no expert can state with certainty whether a document was written by the person with whose handwriting he is asked to compare it. There may be similarities, and these he points out. There may then be found the additional evidence that the paper, ink, or pencil are the same. But the writing alone should ever be deemed insufficient. The great Bertillon had always refused to commit himself to any definite statement



ROLLO-WIKING.



VIOLET COPYING.

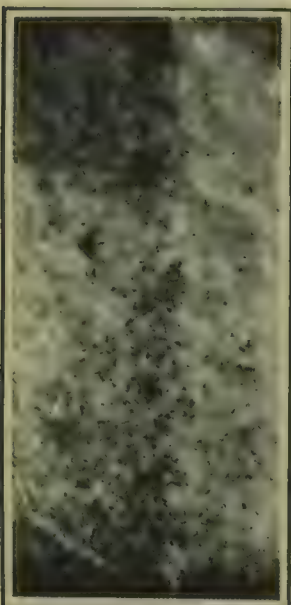


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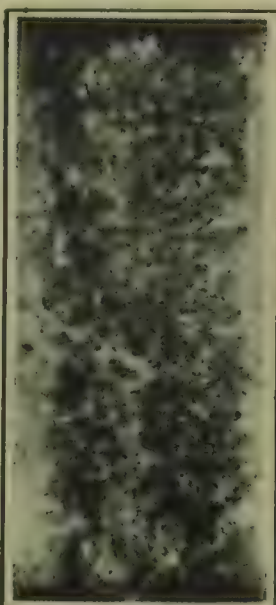
TYPICAL COPYING-PENCIL MARKS: MICRO-PHOTOGRAPHS OF SECTIONS OF LINES DRAWN WITH THREE KINDS OF COPYING-PENCILS, INCLUDING (ON RIGHT) THAT OF THE KIND OF PENCIL WHICH INCULPATED A CRIMINAL, AS TOLD AT THE END OF THE ARTICLE BEGUN ON THIS PAGE.

stigmata of all individuals who have committed an offence. Next in importance is the department which has made a profound study of the written word. I have purposely used that expression in

tional evidence that the paper, ink, or pencil are the same. But the writing alone should ever be deemed insufficient. The great Bertillon had always refused to commit himself to any definite statement



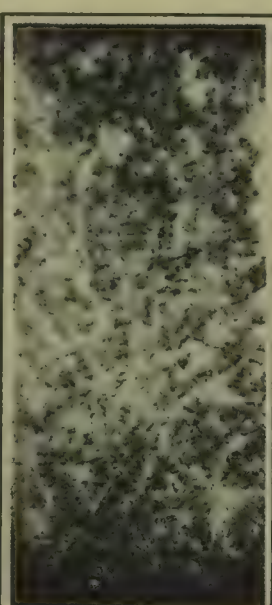
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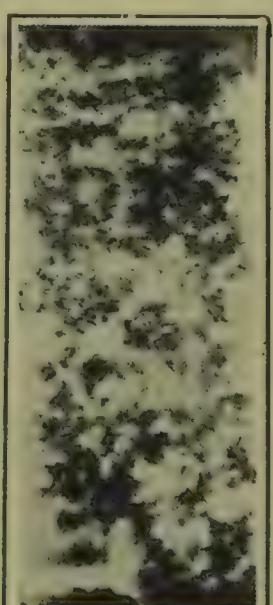
VENUS.



ROLLO.



HARDTMUTH NO. 4.



FABER NO. 2.



WIKING NO. 3.

BLACK PENCIL MARKS: SPECIMENS OF PHOTOGRAPHIC RECORDS CLASSIFIED IN POLICE LABORATORIES TO DETERMINE THE SORT OF PENCILS USED BY CRIMINALS—MICRO-PHOTOGRAPHS OF SECTIONS OF LINES DRAWN BY SIX DIFFERENT PENCILS OF BLACK GRAPHITE OR CARBON, SHOWING VARIATIONS IN THE MARKS.

The illustrations on this page show micro-photographs of lines traced with some of the pencils most commonly met with in England, France, and Germany. The photographs are taken from the tables composed by the scientific police experts. A pencil script to be identified is photographed by the

micro-camera, and the resulting print is compared with these classified photographs until the one which has corresponding characteristics is found. A chemical test is then made, which eliminates the possibility of a mistake.

such a weapon is found in the possession of a man whom other circumstances link up with the crime, then, whatever the questions which may be asked, whatever statements are obtained from this man, are in the interests of the public and justice. The greatest enemy of true justice is circumstantial evidence. In most cases the men working in the laboratories know nothing of the crime itself—they

preference to "writing," because it is not merely handwriting and forgery which the experts examine. They have sub-divided their department into sections in which everything that appertains to writing is analysed. The numerous kinds of ink and the manner in which the age of a document may be ascertained with certainty; the countless compositions of paper and the manner in which each reacts to a certain type of ink—are all classified. Moreover, the inks which are not to be found

where writing was concerned; and because, through patriotic enthusiasm, he departed from that rule, and, unfaithful to the principles of a lifetime, declared in the Dreyfus case that the famous *bordereau* had been written by Dreyfus, the last years of his great career were overclouded by remorse. As everyone remembers, it was later proven that the penman had been Esterhazy. But the modern microscope, camera, and spectrograph make no mistakes. The composition of an object can be determined without shadow of doubt.



# South Africa

## WINTER SUNSHINE TOURS



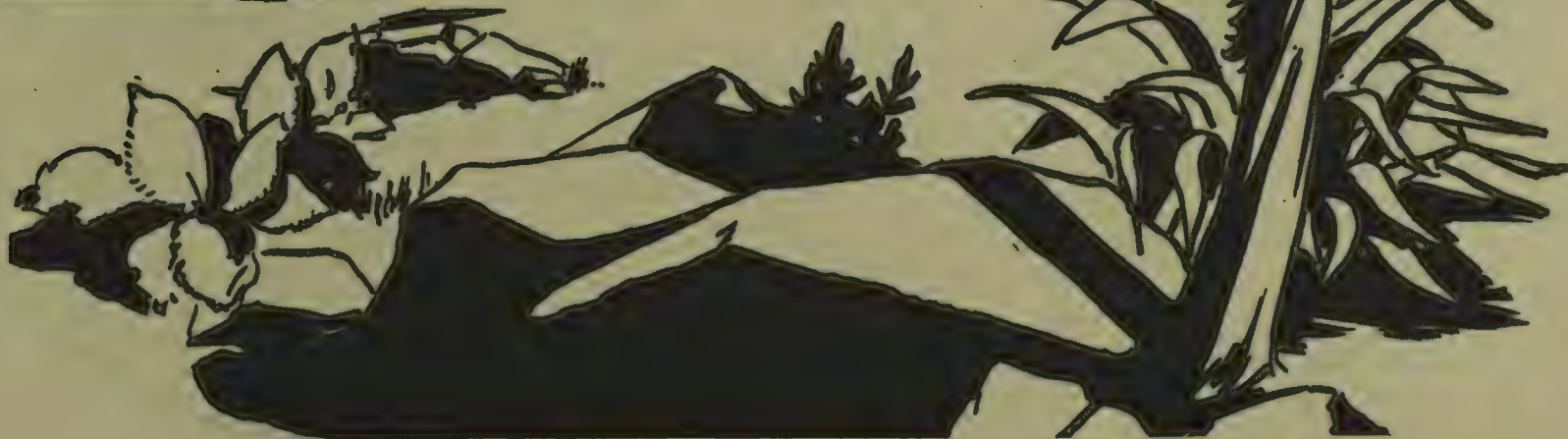
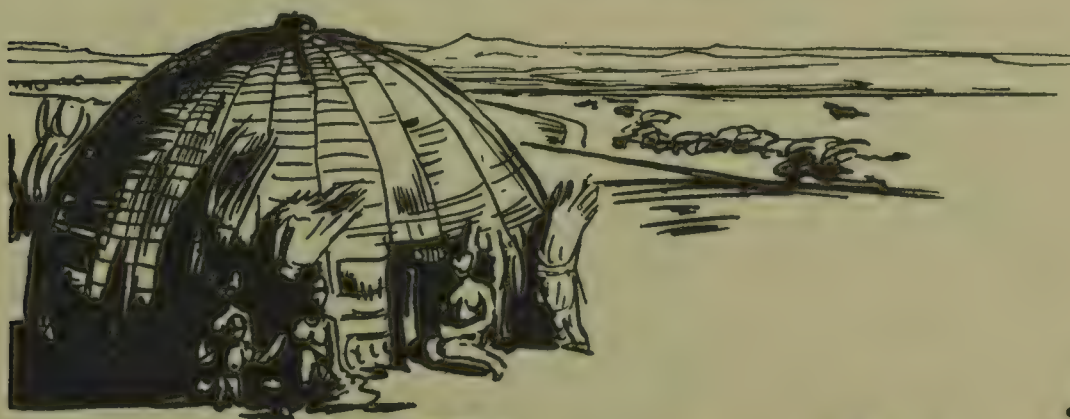
There are no sounder travel investments offering to-day—particularly in their health-giving returns—than the Winter sunshine cruises to South Africa arranged by the leading South African Shipping Companies in co-operation with the State Railways of that Dominion.

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THE conditions under which the print-collector of to-day pursues his pleasant task are very different from those of his predecessors. One remembers a survivor of the old school, some fifty years ago, who, as a great treat—not considered inappropriate to a Sunday afternoon—allowed the writer to turn over the leaves of great folio volumes, in which were pasted prints, so far as one recollects, of every kind. Certainly there were mezzotints and line engravings, chiefly portraits and Scripture subjects, no doubt after the Italian masters. The collection had a considerable local reputation; but what was its actual merit, by modern standards, I cannot say, or what became of it when my old friend passed away. Probably there were treasures. But that was before the great appreciation of market values in some classes of prints and the decline in others had begun its headlong course. In the sixties and seventies of the last century, a small country bookseller could afford to spend a pound or two on a print that took his fancy, where now, if it be in one of the fashionable categories, hundreds will not always suffice. Our local collector was of the last generation of his tribe, following the tradition established and made famous by the earliest and perhaps the greatest of all of them, Michel de Marolles, Abbé de Villeloin, who sold his first collection to Louis XIV. in 1667—to wit, 123,000 drawings and prints in 400 large and 141 small volumes. For this mass he received 26,000 livres, and a further



"PERHAPS THE MOST POIGNANT AND DRAMATIC RENDERING OF THE GREAT SACRIFICE THAT ANY ARTIST HAS EVER ACCOMPLISHED IN BLACK AND WHITE": REMBRANDT'S FAMOUS ETCHING, "THE THREE CROSSES"—THE FOURTH STATE, WITH THE COMPOSITION ALTERED AND ALMOST ENTIRELY REWORKED IN DRY-POINT.

payment of 2400 livres for cataloguing and superintending the binding of the folios. He was so far up to date that he had acquired no less than 224 examples of the work of "Rhinbrand, this Dutch painter and etcher . . . among which are portraits and fancy subjects most curious." He made another huge collection in 237 folios. Its fate is not known and does not concern us. What is important to note is the practice of the old collectors of binding their treasures in volumes, sometimes without regard to the modern *finesse* of the art of collecting—the close examination of states, the preservation of original margins, and the like; and, in this particular instance, that the Abbé de Marolles must have been one of the first collectors of the work of Rembrandt, who was still alive when the first fruits of the Abbé's labours passed into the possession of Louis XIV.

No individual collector could now embark on a task so heroic and so comprehensive as that briefly described above; and no collector would dream of treating his treasures in the same manner. Paper and water-marks must be studied, margins religiously preserved, and the print so mounted that it can be easily examined both from front and back. And, above all, specialisation has become almost a necessity. One must be content to do justice to not more than a group of artists, a class of prints. Selection of limit may be made from an infinite number of points of view. That

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS: DRY-POINT ETCHINGS.

By Lieut.-Colonel E. F. STRANGE, C.B.E., Late Keeper in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

illustrating the development and possibilities of a particular technical process is by no means the least attractive; and, to persons whose taste and temperament incline them in that direction, one would especially indicate the method known, by custom and somewhat incongruously, as dry-point etching.

This method is essentially a form of engraving. The line is drawn direct on the copper with a steel needle, a diamond point or diamond-pointed tool of steel; but generally with the former, sharpened to a round or very slightly angular point, which must not be confused with the burin of the line-engraver. No question of etching-ground or acid-biting comes into the story in the case of pure dry-point. The pressure of the needle on the surface of the soft copper ploughs a furrow with a slight ridge upcast on one or on both sides; and the plate, thus completed, is inked and printed in the same manner as an ordinary etching. But the ridge turned up, technically called the "bur," holds the ink

when the plate is wiped for printing, and gives a line of surpassing richness and depth, "melting away," as Sir Frank Short says, "into the paper with a mysterious graduation." It will not last long, and soon loses its primal quality under the wear and tear of wiping and printing. So you can expect but few proofs worth having from a pure dry-point—a potent recommendation to the collector who esteems his acquisitions both for their beauty and for their rarity.

The method was used—splendidly used—by Rembrandt, especially in his later period, to enhance the effect of the etched line. Perhaps the most striking example to which students can be referred is furnished by the "Three Crosses" (B. 78, B.M. 270). Rembrandt's earlier design was a wonderfully composed group of numerous figures, subordinated to the main subject, illuminated with a strong shaft of light from above. When the plate had worn, in its third state, beyond his content, he fell upon it with dry point, remorselessly sacrificed every subsidiary detail, and recast the whole scheme into perhaps the most poignant and dramatic rendering of the Great Sacrifice that any artist has ever accomplished in black-and-white. This was the fourth state of the plate, and though it may not in the strict sense of the word be justly termed a pure dry-point, that process so triumphantly overwhelms

all that is left of the earlier work as to justify us in placing it not only in, but at the head of, our category. Dry-point, with the "bur" left, may be useful to the etcher if kept within bounds; but the facility with which strong effects of light and shade can thus be obtained makes it, unless severely restrained, and only employed with the greatest judgment, a dangerous enemy to the intrinsic grace and characteristic quality of the pure-etched line. Rembrandt himself was not always quite successful in the combination.

Dry-point etching in this country, considered as a separate method, has its origins certainly in the practice of Rembrandt, but only after a long interval. Its pioneers were two Scottish painters of no small repute in the art they mainly practised—Andrew Geddes (1783-1844) and his intimate friend, Sir David Wilkie (1785-1841). The former is the man who counts, not only for skill in technique, but for a remarkable modernity of vision and execution. The best of Geddes's dry-points would well hold their own in any exhibition of prints by living artists, and early states of them may be strongly recommended to the collector. In all he made some forty or fifty plates of one sort or another, but dry-point was his favourite and most successful medium.

He came first before the public in this character in 1826, when he published a set of ten "Etchings by A. Geddes, 58, Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, London." An extract from the advertisement accom-

panying this venture is worth quoting. He says: "From the style of etching many of the Plates, the number of copies can be extended to very few; and, at the best, should the Publication be approved of, must redound more to the credit than to the profit of the Artist. Should the Public, however, not think the Publication desirable, it may still be done to his advantage and only make him more cheerfully descend from that most proverbially expensive of all animals—a Hobby." Geddes had already made a collection of prints by Rembrandt, Vandyck, and other artists. The influence of the former is strongly marked, both in the portraits and the landscapes which constitute the bulk of his output; and he could not have chosen a better master. But he kept his own individuality, and his work throughout is that of a

serious student, exploring ways and means without slavish adherence to the manner of his model or of others. Incidentally, he made, it is curious to note, an experiment in the use of ink of two colours on one plate; but this adventure was trifling, and does not seem to have been pursued.

Wilkie had already issued some dry-points—for in 1824 appeared a slim volume in cardboard covers, with etched title within a border of ornament: "Etchings by D. Wilkie, R.A. London. 1824." The two men were so closely intimate during their lives that it would be quite unsound to give Wilkie, without reservation, any priority in this matter. No doubt they exchanged experiences with mutual benefit. Wilkie's work is less in quantity and generally inferior in quality to that of Geddes; but, as our illustration shows, he sometimes touched a more than respectable level. Among other men whose dry-points should be explored by the amateur are the Rev. Edward Thomas Daniell of Norwich, and David Charles Read of Salisbury, who were practically contemporary with Geddes and Wilkie.



"THE ARTIST'S MOTHER": A DRY-POINT ETCHING (FIRST STATE) BY ANDREW GEDDES (1783-1844), THE SCOTTISH PAINTER WHO WAS THE CHIEF PIONEER OF THE METHOD IN THIS COUNTRY.



"THE LOST RECEIPT": A DRY-POINT ETCHING (SECOND STATE) BY SIR DAVID WILKIE (1785-1841), FELLOW-PIONEER OF DRY-POINT WITH HIS FRIEND AND COMPATRIOT, ANDREW GEDDES.

Photographs on this Page from the Collections in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

With this indication of a starting-point, one may leave the collector to follow up the subject, by way of the great etchers of the nineteenth century, to whom is due the remarkable revival of interest in the process. He will find a rich and fertile field, not without a sporting element, if he condescends to notice and judiciously to select from the dry-points of the younger etchers of to-day.



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12 Tea Spoons. 2 Sauce Ladles.  
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## INKS, PAPER, AND PENCILS; AND THE CRIMINAL INVESTIGATOR.

(Continued from Page 932.)

Pencils are divided roughly into those made of a mixture of carbon, silicate, and iron—writing grey-black; graphite, silicate, and iron—writing a soft deep black; coloured pencils made of pigments; and the copying pencils generally composed of aniline colours, graphite, and kaolin. It is, of course, much more difficult to recognise different types of pencils than to identify inks. A variation in the pressure will cause a hard carbon pencil to write almost like a soft pencil made of graphite; but if the lines are illumined obliquely, those which are graphite will show a discontinuity under the microscope which is more apparent even at those very spots where the writing appears to be thick and brilliant. Pencils which contain silicate mixed with graphite will leave behind tiny particles of silicate evenly distributed over the thick and thin strokes. This deposit, when greatly enlarged, makes it possible to determine whether a line was added after the original contents of a document were written; for the traces of silicate will be superposed. Curiously enough, such a test cannot be applied to copying pencils or pencilled words crossing others written in ink. Even the microscope will not reveal which was written first and which added later. In order to determine at once the type of pencil used, the expert must analyse the proportions of carbon, graphite, silicate, and iron; or, if dealing with copying pencils, the proportion of aniline-colour, silicate, and mineral.

An excellent method is that perfected by the Lyons laboratories. The writing is first treated with acetic acid (80 %) or nitric acid. A solution of ferro-cyanide of potassium is then applied. The colours obtained from the various pencils are strongly marked. Faber pencils treated with nitric acid and ferrocyanide give a brilliant emerald-green reaction; treated with acetic acid the result is a greenish-blue which becomes distinctly blue after three hours. The presence of titanium in the pencil will produce a decided change in the colour. Moreover, in some pencils there are minute quantities of chlorine present in the carbon or graphite—a fact that makes it possible to recognise their origin. A drop of diluted nitric acid and nitrate of silver will become opalescent, thus revealing the chlorine. Lately the spectroscope has been much used in preference to the microscope, since a comparison of the photographs of spectrums is a surer method, and, furthermore, these can be utilised as evidence in court. Modern pencils vary chiefly in the proportions of graphite, silicate, and iron, and this difference is forcibly shown in the number and intensity of the lines on the spectrograph.

The accompanying photographs show the decided difference there is in the appearance even under the microscope of a stroke made with various pencils. When, in addition, analysis and photography prove that the chemical composition corresponds to the classified type, it may be taken as proof that a document was written with such a pencil. It has been ascertained that, whereas inks containing gall will become insoluble by exposure to the air after a short time, and therefore useless for copying (which is already a valuable indication of the probable age of a document), pencils composed of graphite, aniline colours, and kaolin will give a good copy at any period; therefore, other tests must be applied in order to ascertain when and with what substance a letter was written. There are many varieties of copying pencils, but a simple method makes it possible to discover rapidly the type to which the writing to be examined belongs. A globule of water is dropped on a chosen spot, and its action, which varies with the proportion of graphite and kaolin, is carefully noted. Where kaolin predominates, the writing is more brilliant than when there is an excess of graphite. The intermediate shades are determined with Osborn's apparatus, or with the assistance of the double prism and microscope. Moreover, the colouring matter in the pencil is dissolved by the water. In some cases this reaction is instantly visible; in others, after several minutes.

There have been established tables in which all these characteristics are classified, and micro-colorimetres are used for comparison in Osborn's apparatus. Thus it is a simple matter to ascertain which type of pencil was used for the writing that is being examined. A final test is then applied, which, as with black pencils, is again the reaction of the iron, graphite, and pigments, treated with acetic acid and ferrocyanide, and examined under a powerful microscope. As an example: Swan pencils, No. 18, give a pale yellow reaction which bleaches quickly to grey-white; Hessins pencil, No. 13, pale green, changing to olive-green; Faber No. 7, pale green with light yellow ring; Eagle pencil No. 5, pale green changing slowly to sea-green. Thus each type can be determined with certainty.

Perhaps an instance of how this subtle analysis was applied and brought a cunning criminal a long term of imprisonment may serve as an illustration. A daring robbery with violence had been committed, and two men were suspected of the crime. The police did not arrest these men, but contented themselves with keeping them under observation. They were convinced that the crime was only one of many which had been planned and financed by a "fence," a master criminal who directed operations and arranged for the sale of the loot. Three notorious receivers were suspected, but no definite evidence had been found thus far to show which of them was the man the detectives had long sought to capture. Any untimely action, any false move, would alarm the fellow, and give him time to destroy or hide the stolen property. What was needed was a certain clue to his identity—and a pencil gave them this clue. The officers who constantly shadowed the footpads had observed that they frequented a tavern of evil repute and that they went there daily at the same hour. Evidently it was thus that they communicated with their leader. Thereupon a detective managed to mingle with the ruffians lounging at the bar and saw the innkeeper pass a note to one of the criminals. The fellow glanced at the contents, and then immediately tore the paper to shreds and cast them—as he thought—into a spittoon. But they had only fallen on the edge, and a few minutes later the detective dropped a handful of cigarettes, and, whilst retrieving them, also gathered up the precious pieces of paper.

The message was in cypher, and had been written with a pencil. The laboratory expert decoded it, and thus learned that already the mysterious leader feared that the police were watching and advised his two accomplices to leave the town at once without attempting to communicate with him. The paper and writing were analysed. Curiously enough, the pencil which had traced the words was a No. 4 Zodiac copying, which is not often met with, and the paper was made of exceptionally fine linen pulp, and came from a well-known factory in Paris. A clever and incredibly rapid investigation proved that one of the suspected receivers, a man who had carried on a covering business as an importer of Eastern carpets, had bought such paper. Moreover, several memorandums obtained from him by a ruse had been written with the same Zodiac copying pencil. Therefore, he was followed to his secret storehouse, and was arrested just as he was preparing to set fire to it. The evidence found there sent him and his accomplices to prison for many years.



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THE mother of little Esmé ascribes her daughter's perfect health to "Ovaltine" being her daily food beverage.

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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

### ECONOMICAL RUNNING IN WINTER—THE IMPORTANCE OF HEAT.

SOME pretty extensive driving in cold weather lately has served to remind me that this winter, more even than before, the question of keeping our engines warm is going to be of real importance. I do



A CAR THAT HAS DONE 20,461 MILES AND GIVEN NO TROUBLE:  
A 30-H.P. EIGHT-CYLINDER SUNBEAM.

Mr. Fred H. Reeves, of Bearett House, Penn. Staffs, the owner of this car, wrote of it recently: "I had the car from you the end of January last, and to-day the speedometer reads 20,461. It has never been any trouble, and there has been absolutely no defect whatever. It is as sweet-running as the day I had it and never shows any distress at very high speed."

not mean so much the taking of ordinary precautions against frost, but more the urgent question of maintaining a decent running temperature.

#### "Half-Mile Hills."

Cooling systems in general have improved very noticeably in the last year or two, and during the warm weather this year I met fewer cars than I have ever done before with steaming radiators. It is depressing to have to admit it, but inadequate cooling has, as a rule, been peculiarly a British fault. Perhaps "fault" is not the right word, as, until recent years, only a very small proportion of British motorists ever

thought of taking their cars abroad, and, generally speaking, the radiators supplied with our cars were capable of keeping the engine cool enough in all reasonable circumstances on the roads of the British Isles. It was only when we took them to the Pyrenees and the Alps that we painfully discovered the difference between a hill half a mile long and one ten miles long; between the power given off by our engine at 500 feet above sea-level and the terrible want of it at 5000 feet.

Now, with only a few exceptions, makers have imitated the example of the leading Continental manufacturers, and prefer to over-cool rather than under-cool their engines. Obviously it is a far better plan, as, while it is a perfectly simple matter to reduce the cooling area of your radiator and so enable your engine to work at a proper temperature, it is a heartbreaking business trying to improve the cooling of a "hot" engine, and, having failed to do so, to drive it in a hilly country.

#### The Extravagance of Over-Cooling.

Our greatly improved cooling systems, however, require attention at this time of year. Until you have made careful tests and taken notes of the results, you can have no idea of the waste of power and fuel which is caused

by running an ordinary motor engine at too low a temperature. During two days' driving in cold weather recently I found out the following disconcerting facts with my own engine. It is an unusually well-cooled machine, the radiator being of the true honeycomb design and construction, which is the fastest cooling type in the world. It is very large, and there is an unusually big head of water above the cylinders. During the heat wave the fan was never in use, and I never saw the water reach anything like

steaming point. This is just the type of engine which requires nursing in cold weather. Running with the radiator exposed, I found that the petrol consumption, at a certain fairly high average speed, had fallen seven miles per gallon from the normal. Petrol consumption mercifully does not interest us quite so intimately as it used to do, but still this struck me as extravagant: the more so because, until the end of the day's run in each case, the engine was certainly sulking.

#### What a Muff Did.

I fitted a radiator muff of the ordinary kind, and at once everything improved beyond recognition. By dint of experiment I found that if the

[Continued overleaf.]



A PRESENTATION TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK: THE GIFT  
HANDLED TO HIS GRACE AT MESSRS. ROWNTREE'S.

An interesting presentation was made to the Archbishop of York the other day at Messrs. Rowntree's cocoa works, York—a special casket filled with chocolates, "Kit Cat," "Riviera," "Chatsworth," and "Tried Favourites." The inscribed card read: "Presented to His Grace the Archbishop of York, Dr. Cosmo Gordon Lang, by the Directors and Central Works Council on behalf of all the employees of Rowntree and Co., Ltd., as a mark of their appreciation of the interest he has taken in the life of the workers during his long association with the City of York." From left to right are seen Mr. Reginald Cooper, maker of the casket; Mrs. Arnold S. Rowntree; Miss Ada Farr, packer of the chocolates; the Archbishop; Mr. B. Seeborn Rowntree, Chairman of the Company; Dr. C. H. Northcott, Chairman of the Works Council; Mr. Arnold S. Rowntree; Mr. A. Simpson, Vice-Chairman of the Works Council; and Miss K. Sherlock, Secretary of the Works Council.



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# VAUXHALL



(Continued.)

bottom eight inches of the radiator were exposed, it was all that was necessary on a day when the thermometer was round about 40 deg., with the wind in the north-east. The immediate result was that the petrol consumption, in the same conditions, over the same roads, returned to normal—that is to say, between twenty-three and twenty-four miles to the gallon over a 150-mile run in and out of London. Further, the engine developed its proper power, and began to do so within ten minutes of the early morning start, and the car easily reached its comfortable maximum speed whenever called upon.

### The Need of a Thermometer.

All this may seem very elementary stuff, but it is extraordinary how quickly we motorists forget certain kinds of lessons we learn afresh every year. I certainly do not think that in years gone by this question of coddling one's engine in winter was so important; but with the very small engines we use now, and their high efficiency, it is really essential, if we are to get the best out of them in the most economical manner, to disregard appearances and protect them from wasteful cold. A muff is certainly a hideous thing, especially the best sort, which covers the whole of the bonnet instead of only the radiator, but for any one who drives constantly throughout the winter it is plain economy to buy one.

### The Wrong Kind—

If your radiator has the kind of overflow pipe which is so efficient that, unless the water is boiling furiously, there are no signs of steam at the radiator cap, it is necessary to provide yourself with some form of thermometer. Personally, I have very little use for the kind that is carried in the radiator-cap itself, as it shows the temperature of the water at that point and not where it matters—in the engine. Moreover, it is affected by the temperature of the day, and can only very seldom give you an accurate idea of the conditions.

### —and the Right Sort.

After experimenting with two or three of them, I am convinced that the only satisfactory type is that which is connected to the water-joint at the nearest point possible to the cylinder-block and has its dial on the dashboard. With this and a flap in the muff which you can adjust within narrow limits, only a little practice will show you how to ensure that

(Continued in Column 3.)

## CHESS.

CONDUCTED BY ERNEST IRVING.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters intended for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, I.L.N., Inveresh House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

V LANZ MARGALLI (Tampico), R B COOKE (Portland, Me.), C H BATTEY (Providence, R.I.) will be answered through the post.

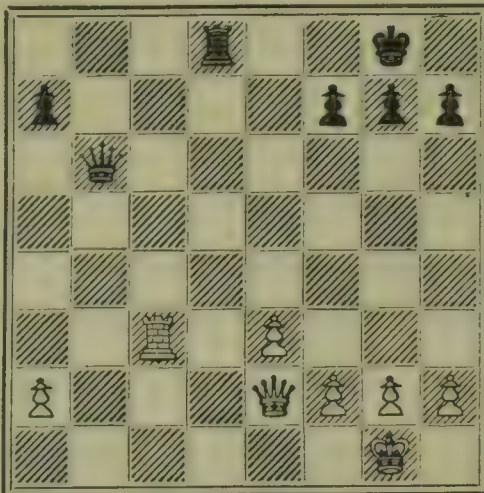
J H E JARVIS (Pukehou, N.Z.).—We receive letters from all parts of the world, but you are, I think, our most distant solver, being apparently directly under foot!

VICTOR HOLTAU (Oshkosh).—Welcome back to our solvers' list.

E G B BARLOW (Bournemouth).—Acknowledgment of your correct solution was delayed by the temporary suspension of the Chess column.

### GAME PROBLEM No. XIV.

BLACK (7 pieces).



WHITE (8 pieces).

In Forsyth Notation: 3r2k1; p4ppp; 1q6; 8; 8; 2R1P3; P3QPPP; 6K1

Capablanca was Black, and it was his turn to play. The move he made caused his opponent to lose interest in the game, and "broke the good meeting with most admir'd disorder." If you were Black, and Capablanca, what move would you make in the diagram position?

### SOLUTION OF GAME PROBLEM No. XII.

[r2rk2; pb1s4; 1p2R1Q1; 2q4p; 3p3P; 8; PPP2PP1; 3R2K1; White to play and win.]

White (Löwenfisch) played 27. QKR1, threatening 28. QR6ch, KB2; 29. QR7ch, KB1; 30. R Kt6, etc. If 27. — BQ4; 28. QB5ch; and if 27. — QQ4; 28. QR6ch, KB2; 29. RK7ch.

27. RQ3, suggested by some readers, is not so good, as Black by giving up Q for R and P [27. — Q×BP; 28. RB3ch, B×R; 29. Q×Q, BKt5], gains a breathing-space.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4034 received from J H E Jarvis (Pukehou, N.Z.); of No. 4036 from Fr. Fix (Wildbad), and of No. 4037 from Fr. Fix (Wildbad), M Heath, P Levine (London), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), John Hannan (Newburgh, N.Y.), and R B Cooke (Portland, Me.).

CORRECT SOLUTION OF GAME PROBLEM No. XII. received from Victor Holtau (Oshkosh); and of Game Problem No. XIII. from A Edmeston (Llandudno), T C Evans, P Cooper (Clapham), M E Jowett (Grange-over-Sands), J Barry Brown (Naas), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), and W J E Yeeles (Rainham).

THE WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP.—Capablanca will have to wait some time for his revenge, apparently, as Bogoljubow has got in first with his challenge and stake-money. We should think that Dr. Alekhin feels fairly comfortable about this match; and, indeed, Bogoljubow is by no means certain to beat Dr. Euwe, with whom he has a match in the meantime.

The *Evening Standard* announces a problem-composing tourney, with eight guineas to be divided as prizes. Two-movers and three-movers are in separate sections, and the date of closing is New Year's Eve. The *Evening Standard's* daily column has greatly helped to popularise chess in London, and we wish the tourney every success.

(Continued from Column 1.)

your engine runs at the temperature which gives you a maximum of efficiency and economy.

A counsel of perfection is, of course, to fit your radiator with a set of shutters which you can buy with the sort of thermometer I have described. I saw one or two sets at the Show which were exactly what I want for myself, but they were by no means cheap. There was, as it happens, one particular outfit for small popular cars which was decidedly cheap (under £4, I think). It was designed to be used in conjunction with a thermostat. The action of the latter controls the opening and shutting of the shutters. I was not attracted by this arrangement, as I am suspicious of all dodges which seem to me to be "over-automatic," but I was persuaded of its soundness by the fact that the makers, who are known the world over, have recommended it in preference to any other. Considering that an over-heated engine is one of the most unpleasant things that can happen to us, it is obvious that the makers have real confidence in their product.

### Liveliness the Least Reward.

While I am certain that in the long run it pays in hard cash to buy a radiator muff, it obviously can only do so in the case of the man or woman who uses the car constantly. Nor is it likely to pay, at any rate for a long time, to buy the expensive radiator shutter outfit; yet it will be found to repay you immediately by the greatly increased pleasure of driving. The difference between a cool engine and a properly warm one is a difference measurable in liveliness.

JOHN PRIOLEAU.

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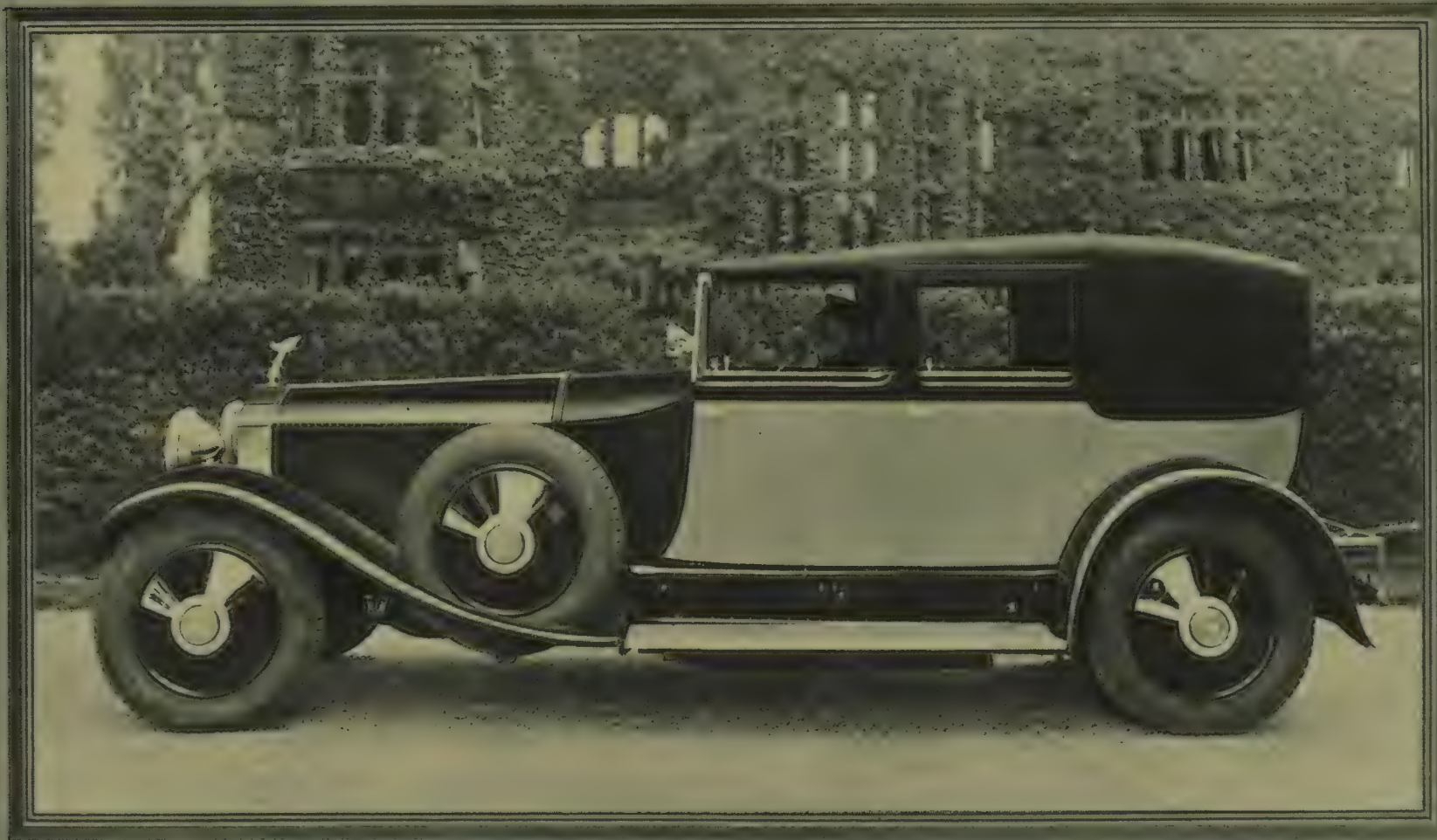
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## MARINE CARAVANNING.—VII.

## SPEED BOATS.

**S**PEED boats do not appear suitable craft for "marine caravanning"; but if they are used like motor-cars for touring purposes they supply,



A FAMOUS PIONEER FIRM'S CRAFT, OF "ROUGH WEATHER" TYPE, BUT FAST AND DURABLE: THE "KNOCK," A 38-FT. THORNYCROFT 280-H.P. HYDROPLANE CRUISER.

for those who dislike to live afloat, a very pleasant alternative to rail or road transport. The camper-out, on the other hand, will find that even the smallest will carry a larger equipment than the average small car, and that a trip, say, through Europe to the Black Sea can be taken without any fears of rough roads and other discomforts. As my object is always to explain to the novice how travel may be carried out on water rather than on land, I give this week the main features of some speed boats suitable for this purpose.

## THE THORNYCROFT SPEED BOAT.

A skimming type of boat, designed and built by this firm of pioneers, needs no introduction; though their vessels are essentially "rough-weather" boats, they are fast and have lasting qualities, as proved

by the fact that one of their coastal motor boats built in 1916 is still in constant use by the Navy. Most of their hydroplanes are of the single-step type, with three thicknesses of planking on their bottoms, which, in these days, is unusual. During the past few years, this firm have not taken much part in purely speed races, but have concentrated on long-distance open-sea contests, such as the London to Cowes race, in which they have been exceptionally successful, owing to the seaworthiness of the boats and the reliability of their Thornycroft engines.

## THE BROOKE SPEED BOATS.

This enterprising all-British firm were the first in this country to produce a standard boat of this type in large numbers. They build two models, the 10-h.p. 18-ft. four-seater, and the 100-h.p. 24-ft. eight-seater. Both types are very strongly built of mahogany, protected from the weather by special Ryland varnish, which is sufficient guarantee of smartness. These boats are very like cars to drive, for foot accelerators and side levers are fitted, with hand-operated throttle and spark levers. They are very reliable, and proved themselves last summer, by winning the "Atlantic" Trophy with a total lap time variation of 1 min. 41 sec. over three thirty-mile courses. For caravanning purposes, the ability to run slow for long periods without "oiling up" the engine is important, and in this respect they excel. Five boats a week are produced; it is not a large number compared with American output, but I hear it is to be increased.

## CHRIS CRAFT.

This is an American boat, the builders of which won the American Gold Cup for ten consecutive years, and they have held the world's speed record, but were beaten this year by a Gar Wood boat. There are eleven different models to choose from, which differ chiefly in the make and power of their engines: Chrysler, Kenneth, and Chris Craft are those fitted. Very large numbers are built, and on most up-to-date

mass-production lines. Over fifty of them have been sold in England during this year. The policy whereby Chris Craft boats have been distributed round our coasts at seaside resorts has undoubtedly made them better known than any others; over 100,000 people have been carried without mishap by those plying for hire, not counting those who have travelled in the privately owned boats belonging to various well-known yachtsmen, who use them as yacht tenders. All models are built of mahogany, *(Continued overleaf.)*



THE PRODUCT OF AN ALL-BRITISH FIRM THAT WON LAST SUMMER'S "ATLANTIC" TROPHY: A 24-FT. EIGHT-SEATER BROOKE "SEACAR," SHOWING THE ENGINE-CASING AMIDSHIPS.

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resulting in the production of the most EFFICIENT—RELIABLE—SEA-WORTHY AND INEXPENSIVE SPEED CRAFT ever offered to the public.

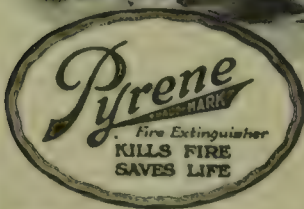
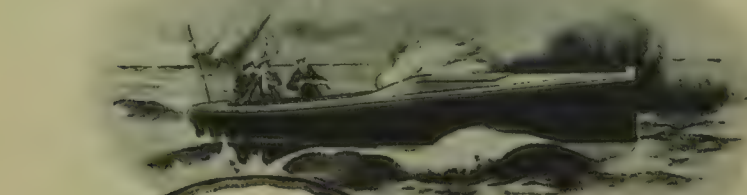
NEW 1929 MODELS have been designed especially for the British and European market to operate in comfort and safety in the rough, unprotected waters encountered around our coasts.

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# BROOKE



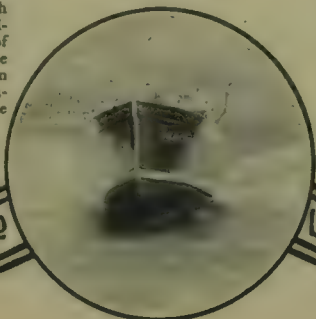
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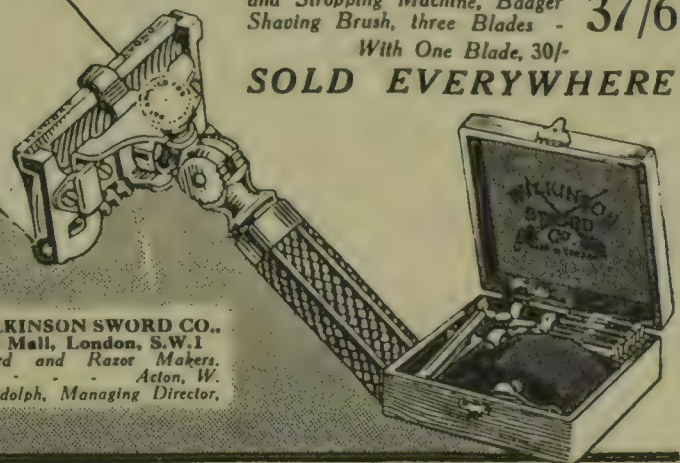
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(Continued.)

and are supplied with very complete inventories, like most American productions.

### THE GAR WOOD SPEED BOAT.

I have kept the "world's record-breaker" till the last. The fact that this veteran firm have produced



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a boat which has attained a speed of 92.8 m.p.h. is sufficient proof that they produce a strong and efficient hull. Not content with this record; the firm guarantee to build anyone a vessel capable of 100 m.p.h., which they will take back if it fails to do its speed. Owing to the short and steep seas found round our coasts, the Gar Wood boats for use in these waters differ

slightly in design from those employed in America, where a long, easy swell is encountered; this is a very wise policy. Either Kenneth or Scripps marine engines are fitted as required. The popular model, the 28-foot Baby Gar ten-seater, has become a favourite amongst yachtsmen for use as a tender. Needless to say, all models produced by this firm are very fast boats.

Most fast boats are built on the hydroplane system; in other words, as the speed increases, the water pressure on the bottom tends to lift the vessel out of the water and thus reduces its resistance. Everything which saves resistance is studied; even the propeller shafts are cut down in diameter as much as possible, and, to do this without sacrificing reliability, Monel metal is employed, instead of steel or bronze. Very high-grade steel can be used, but in salt water it requires a great deal of attention; bronze, on the other hand, necessitates a shaft of larger diameter, and therefore greater resistance. Owing to its great strength, non-corrosive qualities, and rigidity, Monel metal possesses all the good and none of the bad points of steel and bronze, and it is therefore almost universally used in fast boats, both for propeller-shafts and propellers. It is expensive, for it is 67% nickel, 28% copper, and 5% other metals, but it is well worth its cost, for indirectly it saves the fuel bill and it gives no trouble. There are so many uses to which this metal can be put in a boat that I begin to doubt whether there are any for which it is unsuitable; in future articles I intend to deal with it more fully, as I look upon it as one of the greatest boons to the marine caravanner and boats in general.

All the boats mentioned above are fitted with petrol rather than paraffin engines, to obtain the maximum power. They carry large supplies of fuel, and, in consequence, the tanks are placed at a distance from the engines, to eliminate danger of fire. Not content with this precaution, builders employ

the Autopulse fuel-feed system to supply the carburettor direct from the tank. With this system, the turning-off of the ignition switch instantly stops the flow of petrol and thus further reduces the fire danger. Even with these safety devices, it is usual to carry at least a couple of Pyrene fire-extinguishers—in fact, it is compulsory by Board of Trade Regulations to do so in certain classes of boat.

We term ourselves a nation of seamen, yet other nations easily outstrip us in marine motoring whilst we slumber. In London, for instance, I can find only one show-room where it is possible to see boats other than the small outboard type. When I ask the reason, I am told that no one has any money, or that our climate is too bad, and various other excuses; but the show-room I have mentioned seems to make a profit all the same. It is only sea education that is required to make the man in the street take to the water.

G. HAMPDEN.



A BOAT PRODUCED BY THE BUILDERS OF THE "WORLD'S RECORD BREAKER": THE 28-FT. "BABY GAR" TEN-SEATER, WITH A 200-H.P. KENNETH ENGINE—A POPULAR MODEL FOR YACHT TENDERS.

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Four Supermarine-Napier flying boats, each fitted with two Napier engines, recently flew from England to Australia, round Australia, and back to Singapore, covering 184,000 engine miles without trouble.

**T**HE World's fastest speed—319.57 m.p.h.—was achieved on Nov. 4th by Flight-Lieut. D. D'Arcy Greig, D.F.C., A.F.C., R.A.F., flying a British-built Supermarine-Napier seaplane fitted with Napier aero engine.

Never before has any human being travelled at such a high rate of speed.

This speed was achieved at Calshot, near Southampton, the timing being carried out by officials of the Royal Aero Club of Great Britain.

The engine which made it possible for Great Britain to achieve the fastest speed ever attained was the same as that fitted to the Supermarine seaplane which won the Schneider Trophy for Great Britain at Venice in September 1927, the—

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## ELECTRICITY IN HOME HOBBIES.

BY PROTONIUS

ELECTRICITY itself has provided a hobby for generations of men in search of a serious amusement. Even in the old days when frictional machines and batteries were the only source of electricity, the science held its fascination for the amateur as well as for the philosopher. Electricity is a specialised hobby, and the hobbies which keep the spirit of youth alive in an aging generation are usually of a more general character. In most cases they involve wood-working or metal-working, both of which demand that degree of skill which give a hobby its true zest. Except when they concern photography, or some form of collecting, they are pursued in a workshop where the amateur imitates the processes of the professional mechanic.

The modern factory is an electric factory; it is lighted electrically, driven electrically, and uses electricity for special heating and other processes. But the home workshop is not always so up to date. It betrays an affectionate regard for tradition, preferring hand labour to power, and primitive appliances to the most efficient inventions.

It is not at all a difficult matter to convert a foot lathe to electric driving—indeed, the conversion would yield the hobby-hunter a very attractive task. Once the conversion is made, the amateur will find his range of performance widened and his standard of accuracy raised. A useful tool for the amateur is the small portable electric drill. Especially in connection with wireless construction, many long minutes have been spent in drilling by hand holes which could be completed in a few seconds by an electric drill. The main advantage of the small electric tool is that it can be taken to the work instead of the work being taken to the tool. Its current consumption is negligible, and it can easily be run off any lighting circuit.

Soldering is a process in which the amateur must, if he is to survive at all, become expert. One of his difficulties is to keep the soldering-iron within the correct temperature limits, but this difficulty vanishes if he uses an electric soldering-iron. In this appliance the electric heating element is inside the tool itself, and maintains it at the right heat for efficient work. The electric motor is ideal for driving the potter's wheel; it gives a compact machine, with a high speed and perfect control. Electric kilns are now available in which excellent results can be obtained without any of the complications arising from the use of fuel. The amateur photographer will find electricity an

invaluable aid in many directions. It provides the safest and most convenient mode of lighting a dark room. In this connection the small Neon lamps are of great interest. They operate by the discharge of electricity in a bulb containing neon gas, which glows with a rosy light possessing very low actinic value. An incidental use of electricity in photographic work lies in the warming of developing solution by means of an electric immersion heater. The electric heating element is inside the blade portion, and by stirring the solution with the blade the temperature of the liquid is quickly and uniformly raised.

## TEN YEARS AFTER.

(Continued from Page 916.)

Democracy," recently published by M. Georges Guy Grand, are everywhere an exception, even in France, England, and the United States. Men's minds are interested in other things. For the generations of the first part of the nineteenth century Liberty was a delightful betrothed whose marriage with her century her tyrannical parents endeavoured to prevent. She was ardently beloved; they imagined she was the source of all happiness; they were prepared to make any sacrifices for her. How many young men got themselves killed on account of her? That lyrical love could not last eternally. Once the marriage was accomplished those ardours were calmed. For the present generations, Liberty is no longer a betrothed, but a venerable mother. It is she who has begotten this world in which we live, which is so wonderful despite its horrors. If it is natural that the countries which have enjoyed liberty for a long time no longer experience for her the delirious love of their youth, they ought never to forget that modern liberty is one of the most marvellous conquests of the human mind, the supreme result of the Christian revolution, the deep source of Europe's greatness, and the most precious treasure that we possess.

By what a strange indifference the admiration which ought to be everywhere a civic duty of all free countries is replaced to-day. Everywhere liberty tends to become what health is to most of us: a benefit we only realise when we have lost it. This indifference extends even to those institutions which have developed under the liberal régime. It is in this way that we grow accustomed to despising institutions which cost our forefathers centuries of work and sacrifices, which we should not know how to replace, and upon which our happiness largely depends.

The World War seems to have created an enormous political problem for Western civilisation, and at the same time to have stifled the will to study and solve it. That is the difficulty which has continued to grow during the last ten years, while the material wealth of the world has reconstituted itself. Where will this strange contradiction lead us? Has it grown out of a temporary giving-way of our mental energy produced by the fatigue

of the war? After a period of indifference more apparent than real, is the human mind about to embark on the search for new and more perfect solutions of the eternal problem? Or is Western civilisation losing interest more completely in political problems, and is it looking elsewhere for the reason of living, and the perfection of the ideal, as the ancient world did under the influence of Christianity?

That is the great problem which is placed before Europe and America to-day, and it is a much more complicated and obscure problem than that of economic reconstitution. This is a question involving the deepest and most ungovernable spiritual forces. 'Ten years' experience is too short a time to authorise our coming to any conclusion with regard to this matter.

We must wait, without being surprised if the uncertainty should last a long time. One fact, however, deserves notice, for it makes a striking contrast with this uncertainty. If Europe, after having almost demolished the monarchical principle, seems to doubt the excellence of the democratic principle, there is one people who are working, without lyrical enthusiasm but with tenacity, at organising a democracy in Central Europe. That nation is Germany. We may ask ourselves if the effort will succeed; but it would be unjust to deny that it is a serious one, and that it proves a certain originality which has not allowed itself to be discouraged by formidable difficulties.

Born at the end of the war, the German Republic was ten years old a few weeks ago. But how many people thought in 1918 that the German Republic would exist in 1928? As with human beings, childhood is the dangerous age for all republics. The first and second French Republics experienced this. It is already a proof of vitality that the first German Republic should have attained its tenth year. It is easy to understand what great importance it might have for the European system if Germany were really able to form a modern, liberal, and well-balanced Republic. Germany during the nineteenth century exercised a considerable influence on European politics, for it was she who applied with most success the idea of democracy that was born in France around the person of Louis XVII. A living German Republic could not fail to consolidate Western liberty in the midst of the dangers which threaten it, among which indifference is not the least.

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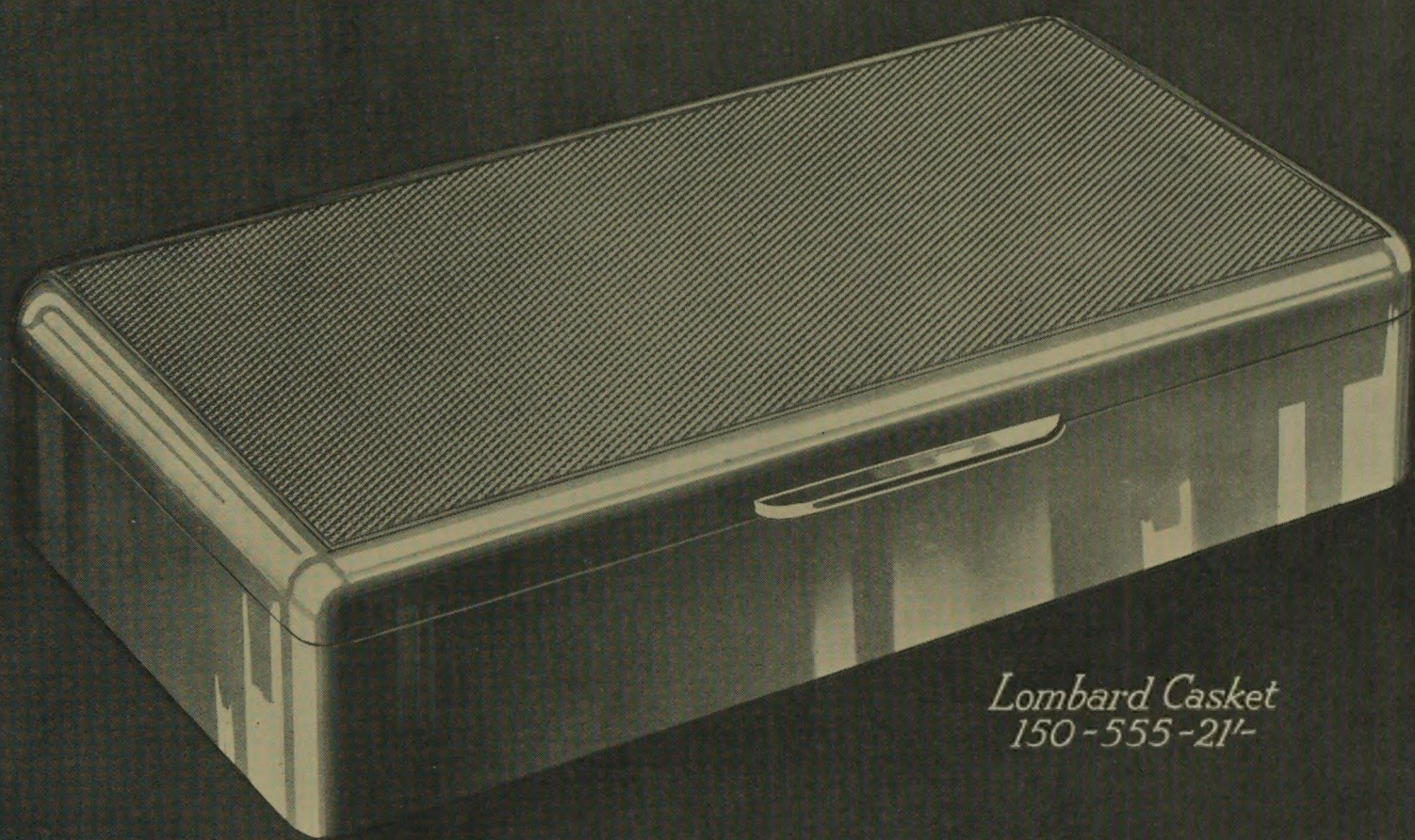


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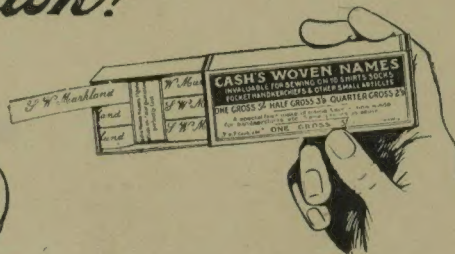
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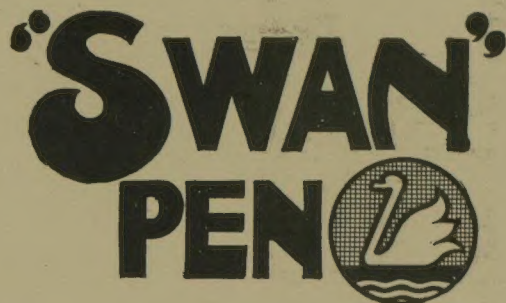


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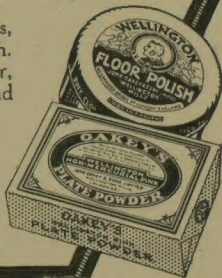
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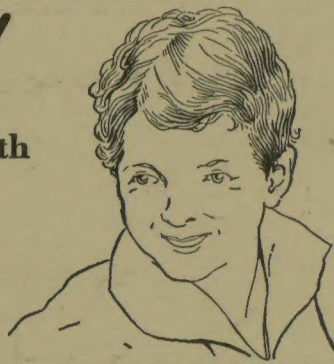
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